

and

COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES



TIM HOLT

WESTERN ADVENTURES

10c



NO. 14



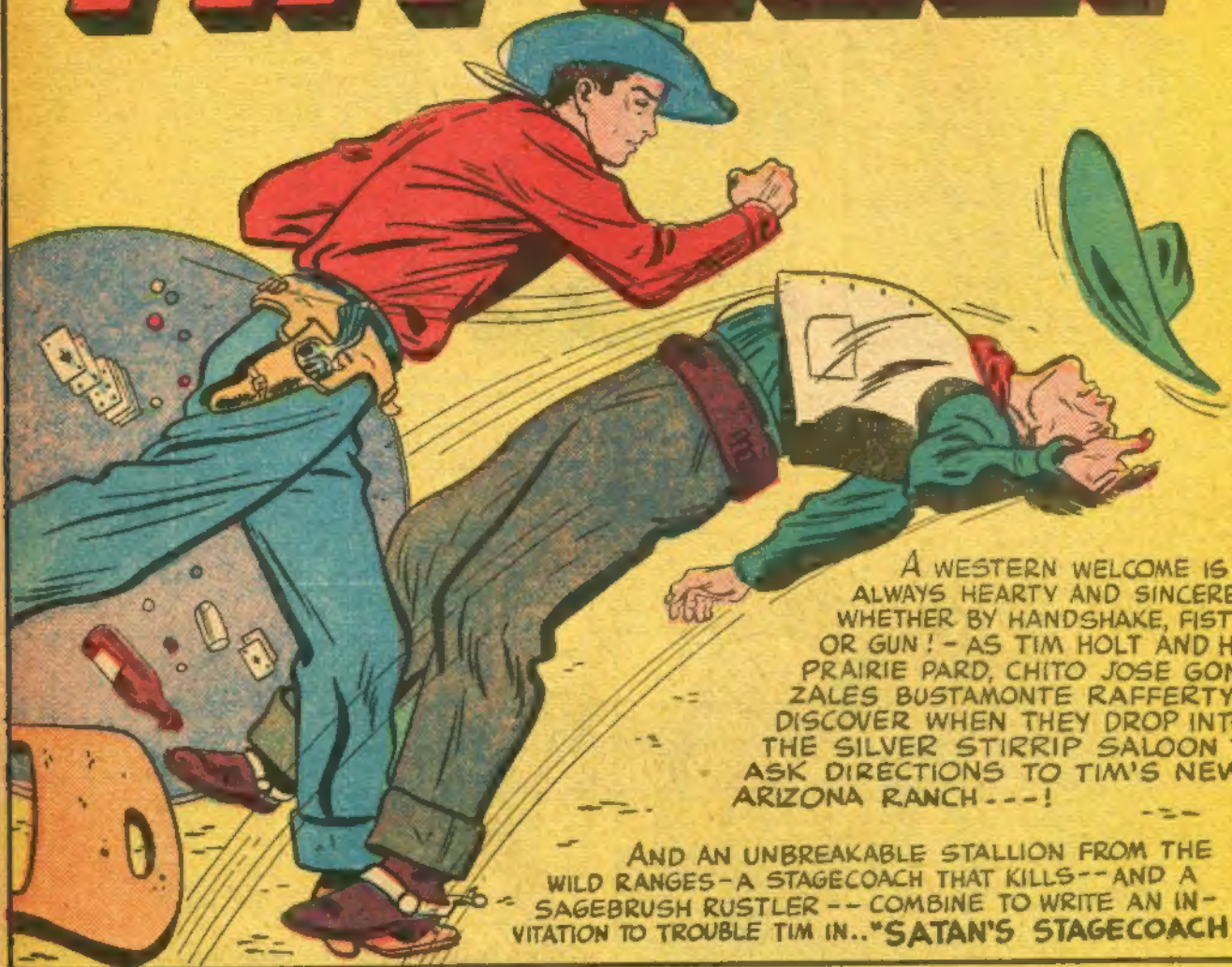


MEET TIM HOLT! Destined to be the biggest cowboy star of the movies, Tim Holt has appeared in thirty-nine pictures, among them being *Stagecoach*, *Laddie*, *My Darling Clementine*, *Under the Tonto Rim*, *Wild Horse Mesa*, *Western Heritage*, *Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, and *The Arizona Ranger*. Right now, he is on location, shooting more exciting western adventure thrillers.

Although Tim Holt was born in Hollywood, he is as much removed from its night life and its glitter as if he resided on another planet. To RKO Radio's outdoor star, the film capital is just his workshop. His personal life is lived away from the hectic whirl of the cinema city and, between films, he tours the country with a rodeo of which he is part owner.

Tim's vacations are always spent in the outdoors, fishing and hunting. He lives on the ocean front near Malibu, where he swims daily and romps with the Labrador retrievers that he raises. He has recently purchased a handsome palomino horse, which he has named "Lightning." You'll be seeing him in the Tim Holt movies in your local theatres.

TIM HOLT



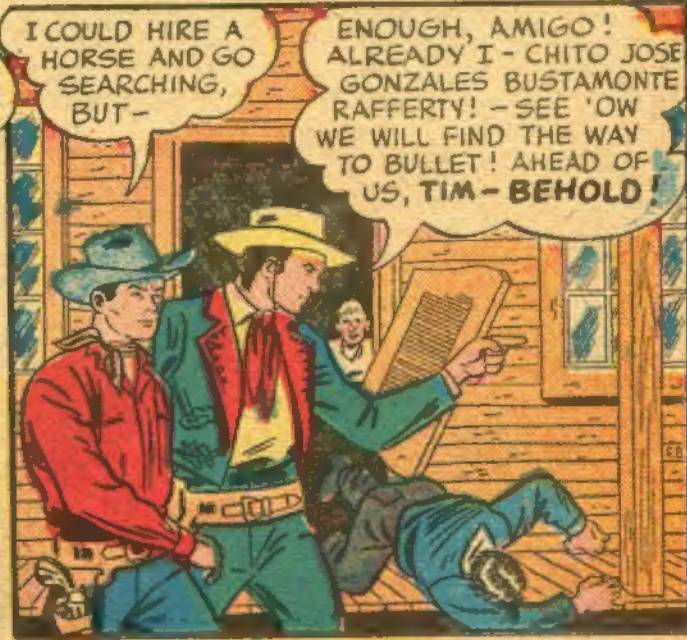
A WESTERN WELCOME IS ALWAYS HEARTY AND SINCERE - WHETHER BY HANDSHAKE, FIST OR GUN! - AS TIM HOLT AND HIS PRAIRIE PARD, CHITO JOSE GONZALES BUSTAMONTE RAFFERTY, DISCOVER WHEN THEY DROP INTO THE SILVER STIRRIP SALOON TO ASK DIRECTIONS TO TIM'S NEW ARIZONA RANCH ---!

AND AN UNBREAKABLE STALLION FROM THE WILD RANGES - A STAGECOACH THAT KILLS --- AND A SAGEBRUSH RUSTLER --- COMBINE TO WRITE AN INVITATION TO TROUBLE TIM IN... "SATAN'S STAGECOACH!"



HO-HO! IS SOME FINE WELCOME, EH, TIM?

COULDN'T BE WARMER IF I THOUGHT OF IT MYSELF! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! SOMEBODY MUST KNOW HOW TO GET TO BULLET!



I COULD HIRE A HORSE AND GO SEARCHING, BUT -

ENOUGH, AMIGO! ALREADY I - CHITO JOSE GONZALES BUSTAMONTE RAFFERTY! - SEE 'OW WE WILL FIND THE WAY TO BULLET! AHEAD OF US, TIM - BEHOLD!



PARDON, **SENORITA**! TWO UNWORTHY PILGRIMS OF THE PRAIRIE DESIRE TO KNOW IF YOUR SO-LOVELY STAGE IS FOR HIRE, EH? AND WHO MIGHT DRIVE US TO BULLET?

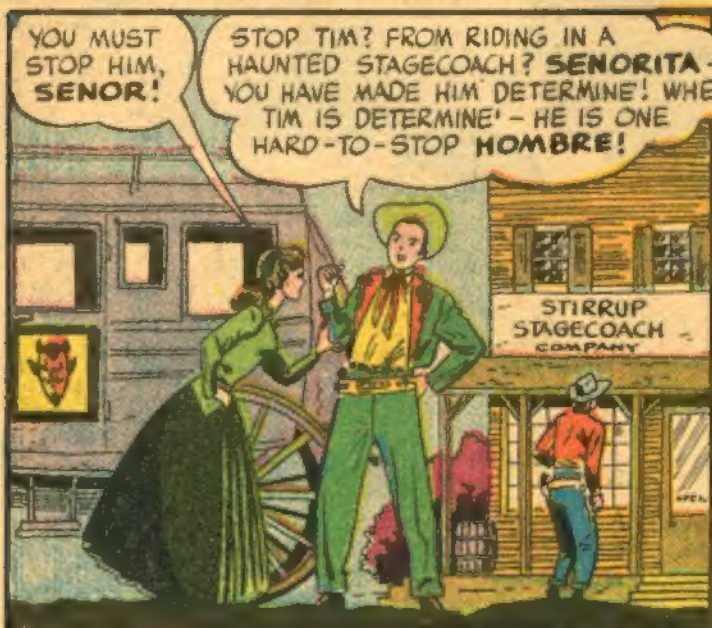


NON! NON! YOU DO NOT KNOW WHAT YOU SAY! THAT STAGE - VERY BAD! IS **HAUNTED!** KILLS PEOPLE!



YOU SEE SATAN? HE PUT **CURSE** ON STAGE! **THREE MEN** KILLED IN IT! NO ONE WILL RIDE IN IT ANY MORE!

I'M ONE RANNY WHO **WILL!** WHO OWNS IT? - I'M GOING TO HIRE IT!



YOU MUST STOP HIM, **SENOR!**

STOP TIM? FROM RIDING IN A HAUNTED STAGECOACH? **SENORITA** - YOU HAVE MADE HIM DETERMINE! WHEN TIM IS DETERMINE' - HE IS ONE HARD-TO-STOP **HOMBRE!**



A FEW MINUTES LATER:

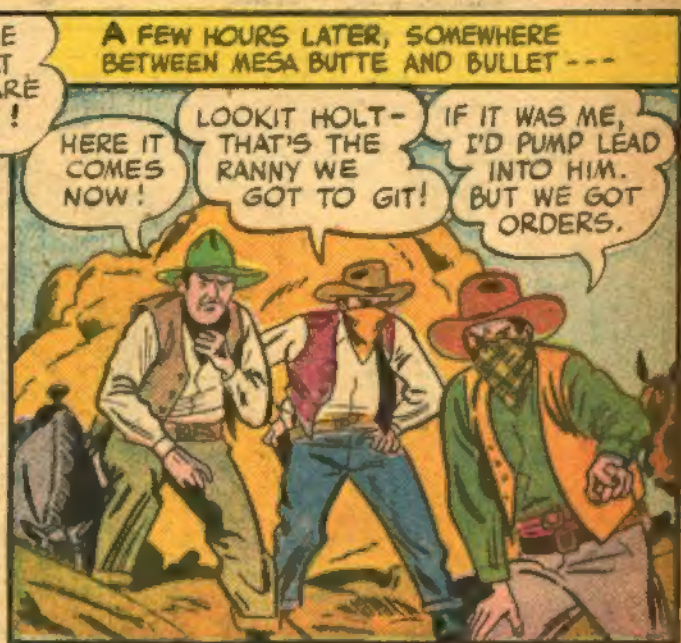
THANKS, PARD. RECKON THE STAGE IS YOURS FOR A WEEK. ER - CARE TO TAKE ALONG THREE PASSENGERS? - A LADY AND HER BROTHERS. THEY KNOW THE WAY!

GO GET THEM. I'M IN A HURRY!



I WILL STAY BEHIND, TIM. I WILL BE WATCHFUL. IF ANYONE RIDE AFTER YOU - OH-HOH! CHITO HANDLE THEM!

GOOD ENOUGH, THE ONLY "HAUNTS" THAT CAN HURT ANYONE ARE - **HUMAN ONES!**

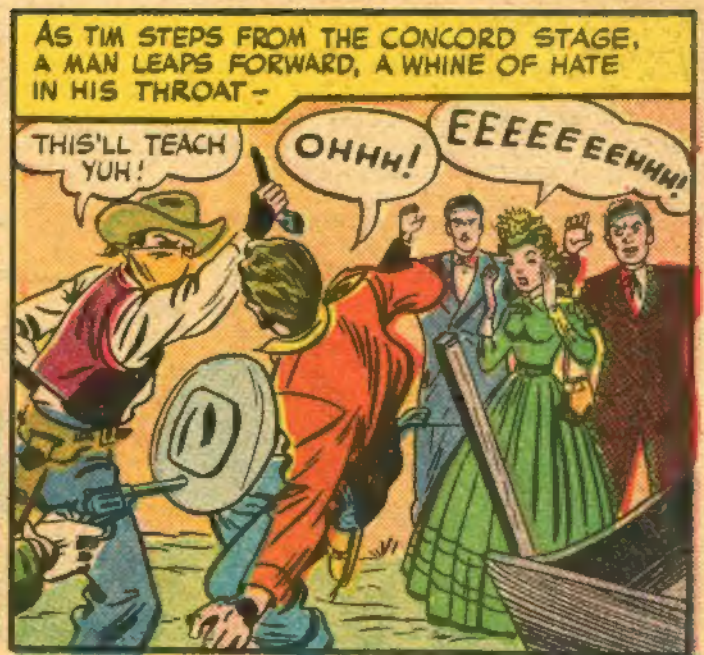
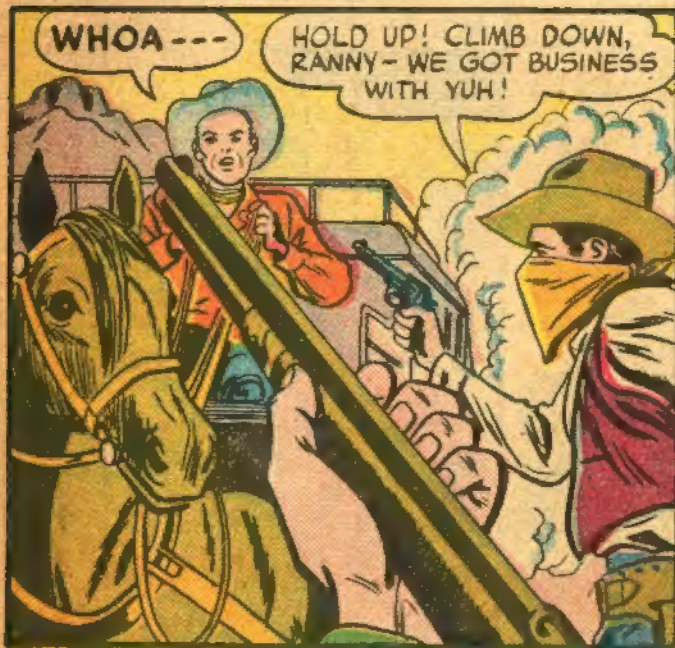


A FEW HOURS LATER, SOMEWHERE BETWEEN MESA BUTTE AND BULLET ---

HERE IT COMES NOW!

LOOKIT HOLT - THAT'S THE RANNY WE GOT TO GIT!

IF IT WAS ME, I'D PUMP LEAD INTO HIM. BUT WE GOT ORDERS.



SLOWLY THE SUN LOWERS
BEYOND THE OCOTILLA-DOTTED
HORIZON. THE COOL TWILIGHT
THAT PRECEDES THE COLD NIGHT
SETS IN. AND THE FIGURE ON
THE RED SANDS STIRS ---
MOVES --- GROANS ---



RIBS ON FIRE ---
LEGS HURT --- ARM
FEELS BROKEN --- GOT
TO GET HELP! CAN'T
DIE OUT HERE...



HOURS LATER ---

A RANCH
PLACE TO GET
ME A BED TO
REST IN. SOME
HOT SOUP ---
MEDICINE!



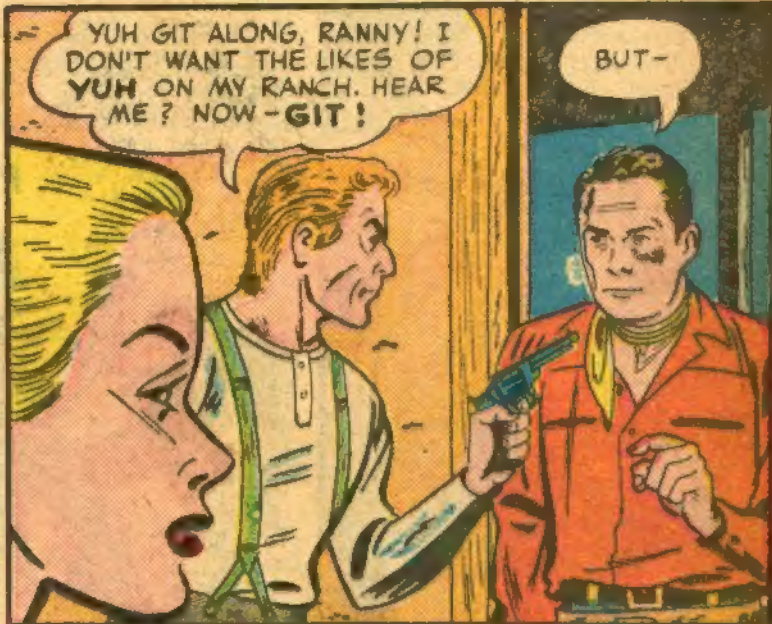
OHHHH ---
YOU!

PARDON ME, MA'AM.
WONDER IF YOU'D MIND ---
MY BINDIN' UP MY
WOUNDS ---?



YUH GIT ALONG, RANNY! I
DON'T WANT THE LIKES OF
YUH ON MY RANCH. HEAR
ME? NOW - GIT!

BUT -



SICK FROM THE INHUMAN BATTERING HE HAS
TAKEN, TIM REELS ACROSS THE RANCH YARD ---

PSSSSST!
OVER HERE, CAP!
I'LL FIX YUH UP!

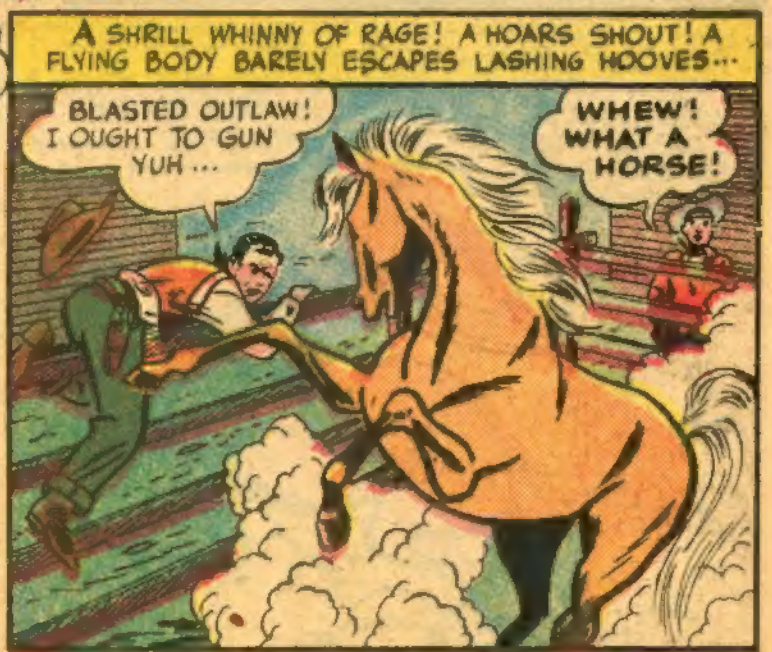
SO WEAK ---
CAN JUST ABOUT
MAKE IT!



THIS SECTION IS TOO HOT FOR YUH,
CAP - YUH BETTER HIGHTAIL IT TO THE
HIDEOUT. FOLKS AT THE LAZY K DON'T
LIKE CATTLE RUSTLERS!

CATTLE RUSTLER?
WHO - ME?





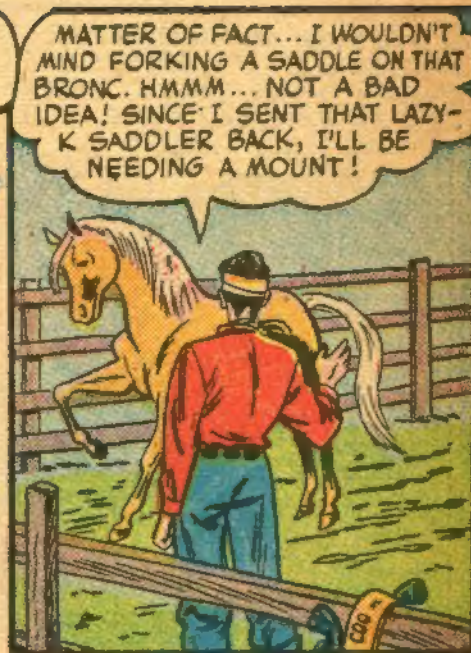


HOLD IT, FELLA!
THAT HORSE IS TOO
GOOD TO SHOOT!

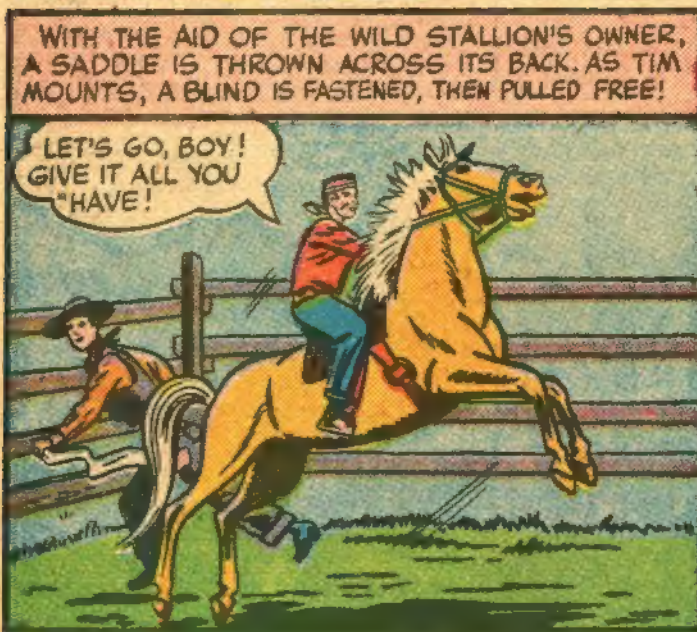
LEMME GO,
YUH IDJUT!
I AIM TO SALIVATE,
HIS DOGGONE HIDE!
NO BRONC CAN KICK
AT ME LIKE THAT...



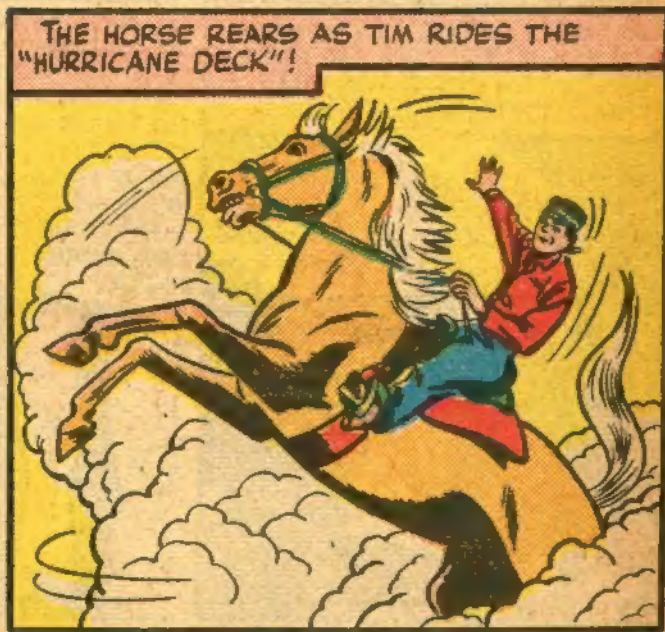
SORRY, FELLA! BUT A HORSE
LIKE THAT DESERVES BETTER
TREATMENT, I'LL JUST TAKE
THAT GUN--- UNTIL YOU
COOL OFF!



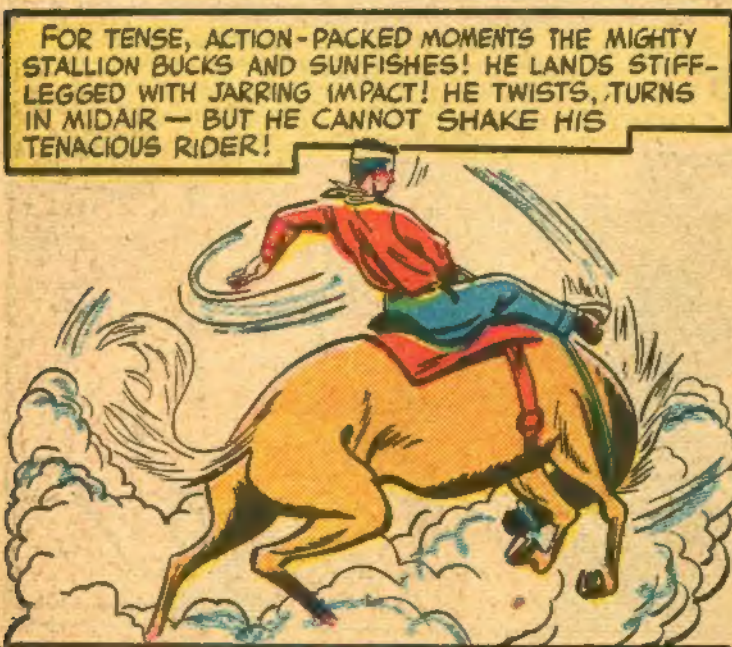
MATTER OF FACT... I WOULDN'T
MIND FORKING A SADDLE ON THAT
BRONC. HMMM... NOT A BAD
IDEA! SINCE I SENT THAT LAZY-
K SADDLER BACK, I'LL BE
NEEDING A MOUNT!



WITH THE AID OF THE WILD STALLION'S OWNER,
A SADDLE IS THROWN ACROSS ITS BACK. AS TIM
MOUNTS, A BLIND IS FASTENED, THEN PULLED FREE!



THE HORSE REARS AS TIM RIDES THE
"HURRICANE DECK"!



FOR TENSE, ACTION-PACKED MOMENTS THE MIGHTY
STALLION BUCKS AND SUNFISHES! HE LANDS STIFF-
LEGGED WITH JARRING IMPACT! HE TWISTS, TURNS
IN MIDAIR - BUT HE CANNOT SHAKE HIS
TENACIOUS RIDER!



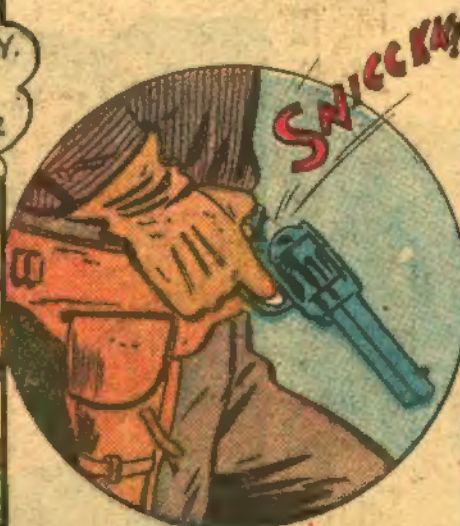
AND THEN-

YOU'RE ONE
SWEET HORSE, BOY!
I'D LIKE TO BUY YOU
FOR MY OWN!

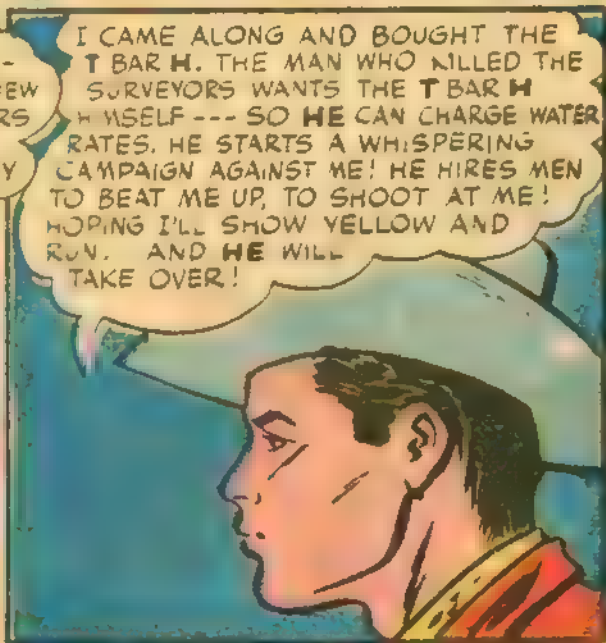
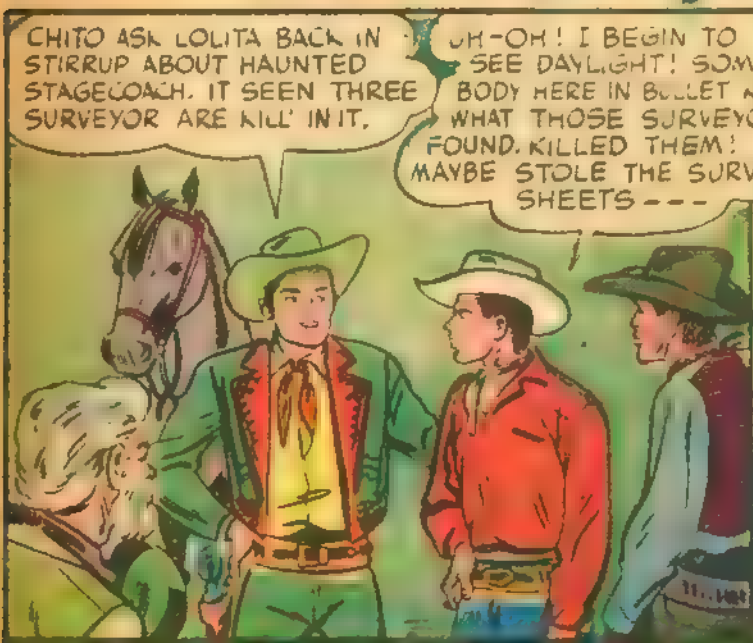
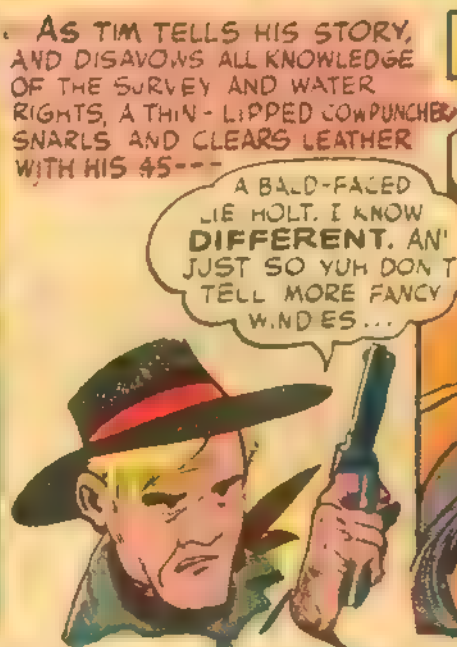
RANNY, I'VE HAD TEXANS
AND MEXICANS
TRY TO RIDE THAT
CRITTER. SEEMS
YUH'RE THE ONLY
ONE ABLE TO STICK
THE SADDLE WITH HIM.
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE-
TO SELL HIM TO A
REAL MAN!

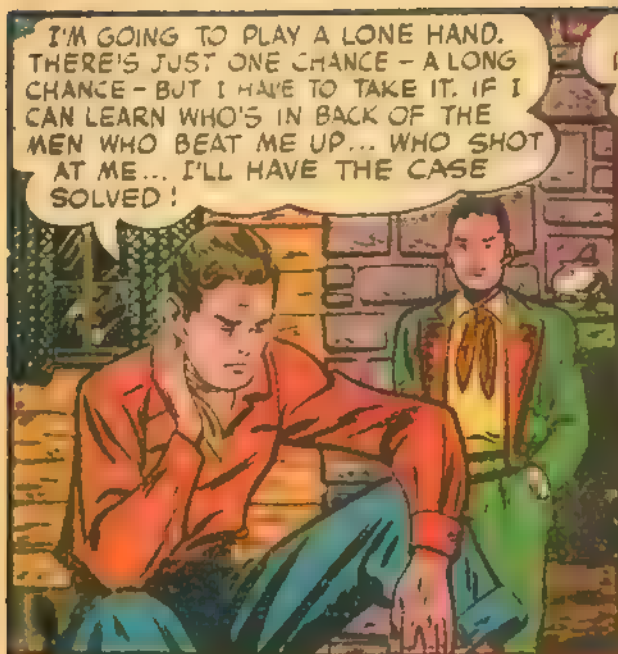


THE SNICK OF A BACKDRAWN HAMMER REACHES TIM'S ALERT EARS ---

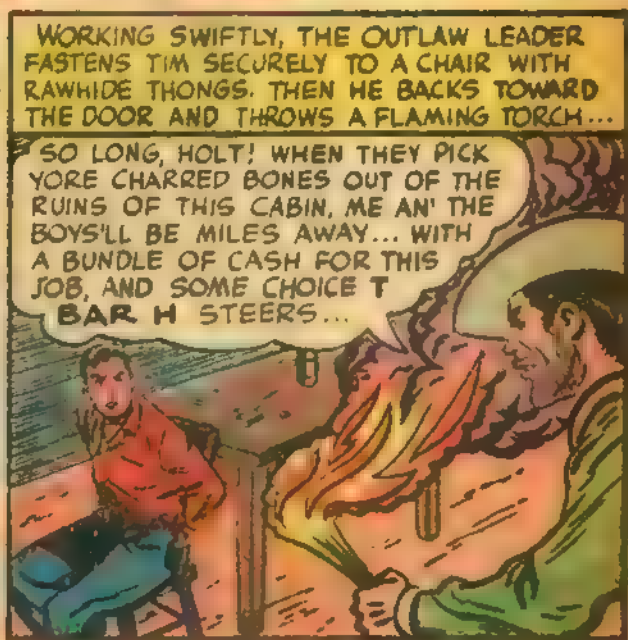
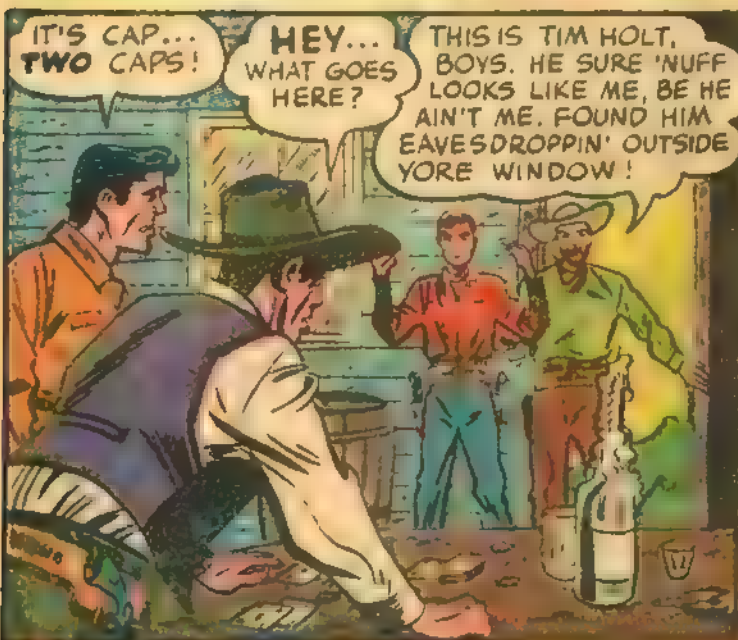
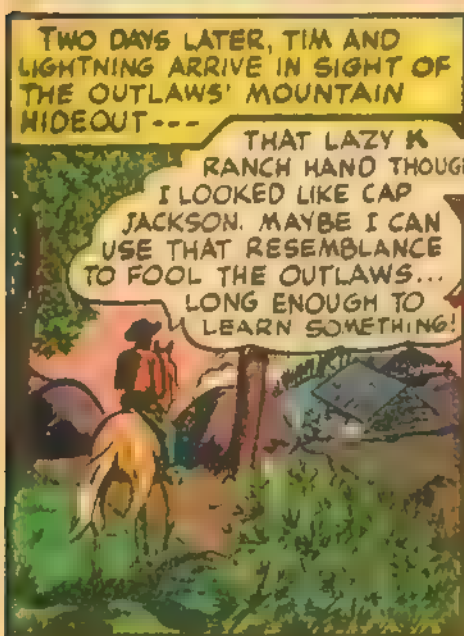








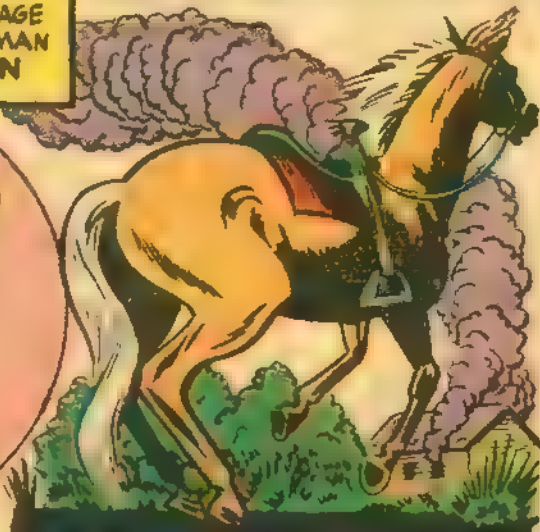
THE ONLY WAY TO DO THAT - IS TO TURN OUTLAW! PRETEND TO BE CAP JACKSON!



THE GREAT STALLION LIGHTNING
SNIFFS SMOKE-FILLED AIR. REST-
LESSLY HE PAWS THE PINE-
NEEDED FLOOR OF THE
MOUNTAIN. DEEP IN HIS SAVAGE
HEART HE KNOWS THE ONE MAN
WHO HAS TAMED HIM - IS IN
DANGER!

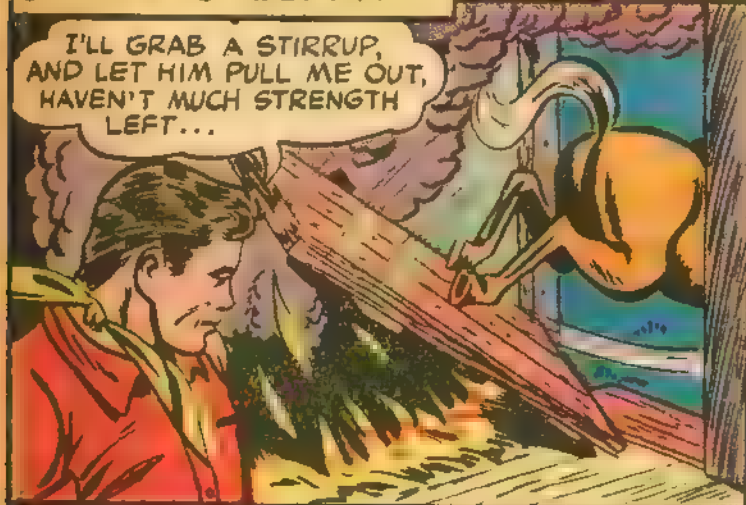
HE TAKES TWO STEPS AWAY
FROM THE BURNING CABIN...
AND HALTS! NERVOUSLY HE
SNORTS---THEN TROTS FORWARD...

LIGHTNING! GOOD
BOY... THE DOOR,
LIGHTNING. THE DOOR:
KICK IT IN!

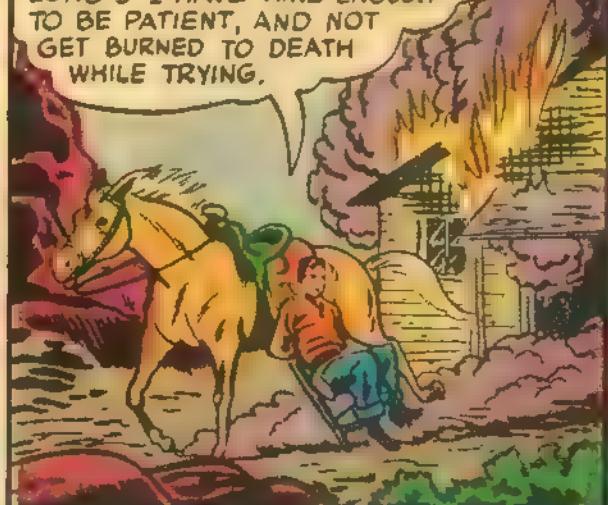


AS THOUGH HE UNDERSTANDS HIS MASTER'S
WORDS, THE MIGHTY STALLION REARS AND LASHES
AT THE DOOR. TIM STAGGERS THROUGH A SHEET
OF FLAME TO MEET HIM...

I'LL GRAB A STIRRUP,
AND LET HIM PULL ME OUT,
HAVEN'T MUCH STRENGTH
LEFT...

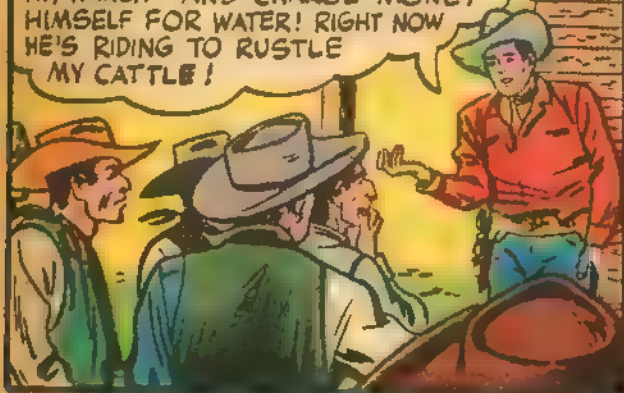


OKAY, BOY! I CAN FREE
MYSELF NOW BY CUTTING
A ROPE OR TWO ON MY SPURS.
LONG'S I HAVE TIME ENOUGH
TO BE PATIENT, AND NOT
GET BURNED TO DEATH
WHILE TRYING.



LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER, BEFORE A
HASTILY CONVENED CITIZEN'S COMMITTEE
OF BULLET TOWNSHIP ---

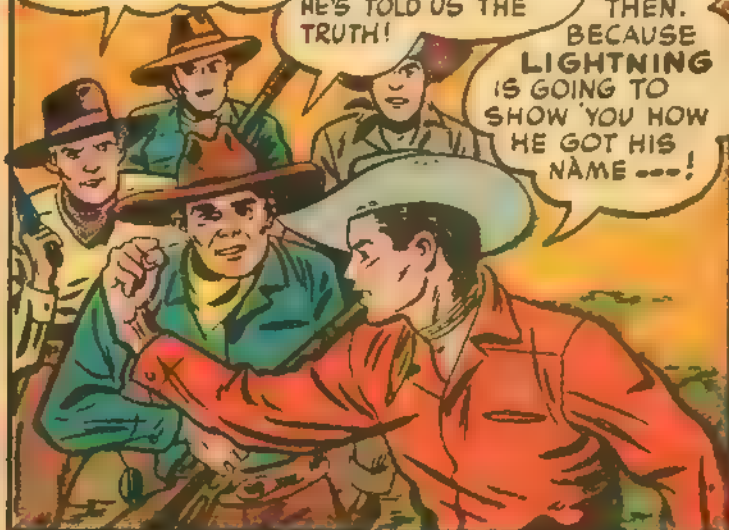
THAT'S WHAT I LEARNED, GENTLEMEN!
SOMEONE IS PAYING THOSE OUTLAWS
TO DRIVE ME OFF THE RANGE.
SOMEONE WHO WANTS TO BUY
MY RANCH- AND CHARGE MONEY
HIMSELF FOR WATER! RIGHT NOW
HE'S RIDING TO RUSTLE
MY CATTLE!



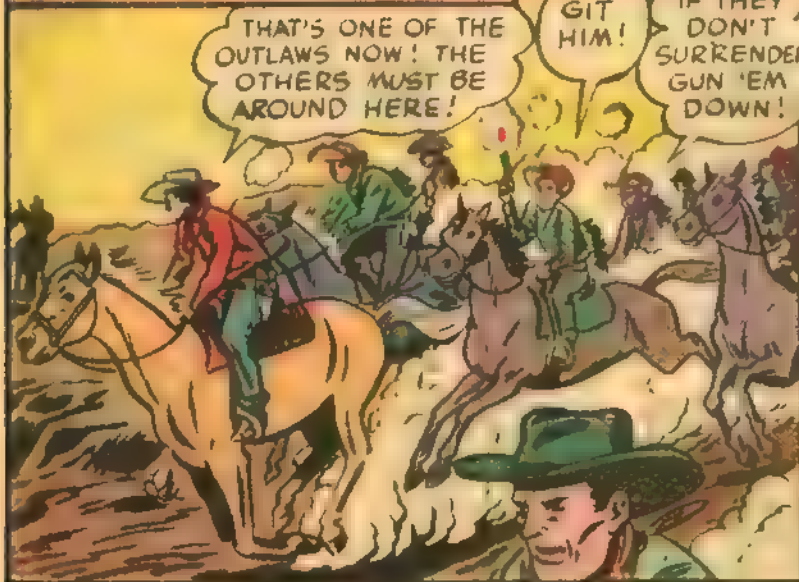
RECKON WE OWE
HOLT A CHANCE TO
PROVE HIS WORDS!

IF THERE ARE
RUSTLERS ON HIS
SPREAD, WE'LL KNOW
HE'S TOLD US THE
TRUTH!

GET YOUR
FASTEST
BRONCS
THEN.
BECAUSE
LIGHTNING
IS GOING TO
SHOW YOU HOW
HE GOT HIS
NAME ---!



A WILD RIDE ACROSS THE PRAIRIE! A SUDDEN DESCENT
DOWN THE SIDE OF A COULEE.



THAT'S ONE OF THE
OUTLAWS NOW! THE
OTHERS MUST BE
AROUND HERE!

GIT
HIM!

IF THEY
DON'T
SURRENDER,
GUN 'EM
DOWN!



I WANT YOU
ALIVE, RANNY!

OH!!



CAP JACKSON!
HE CAN TELL ME
THE NAME OF THE
MAN WHO PAID
HIM TO BULLDOZE
ME!



WITH A FLIP OF HIS WRIST,
TIM SNAKES OUT HIS LARIAT.
IT LOOPS UNDER CAP JACK-
SON'S MOUNT ---



--- AND TIGHTENS!

CRASSSSH!



I WANT YOU ALIVE,
CAP!

YUH'LL NEVER TAKE
ME, HOLT! I GOT A
BULLET MARKED WITH
YORE NAME!



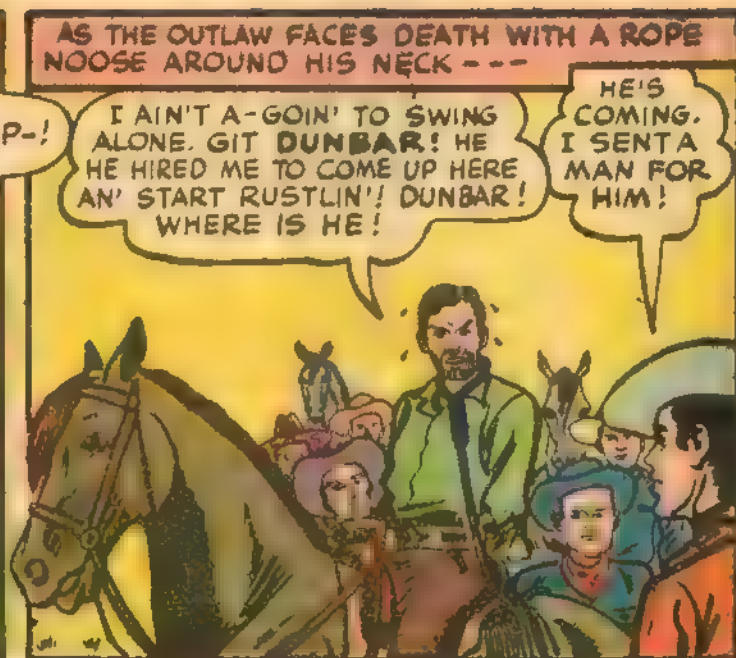
IF IT'S THE ONE YOU
JUST FIRED, YOU MUST
HAVE SPELLED MY NAME
WRONG!



KEEP WALKING!

YUH'RE THE MAIN GUEST AT THIS NECKTIE PARTY, JACKSON!

-GULP-!



AS THE OUTLAW FACES DEATH WITH A ROPE NOOSE AROUND HIS NECK ---

I AIN'T A-GOIN' TO SWING ALONE. GIT DUNBAR! HE HE HIRED ME TO COME UP HERE AN' START RUSTLIN'! DUNBAR! WHERE IS HE!

HE'S COMING. I SENTA MAN FOR HIM!



LATER...

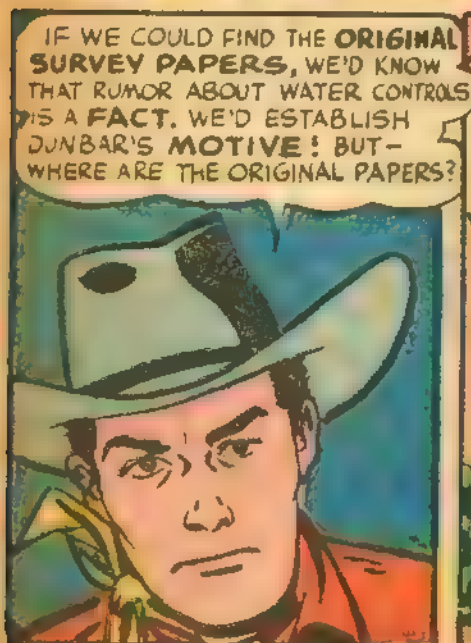
HE'S LYING! I NEVER SET EYES ON HIM BEFORE. YUH NEED **PROOF** TO CONVICT A MAN, JACKSON. YUH WERE CAUGHT RUSTLIN'. NOBODY CAN PROVE ANYTHING ABOUT ME!

IF THEY CAN FIND THAT SURVEY, DUNBAR-- THEN THEY'LL HAVE YUH!

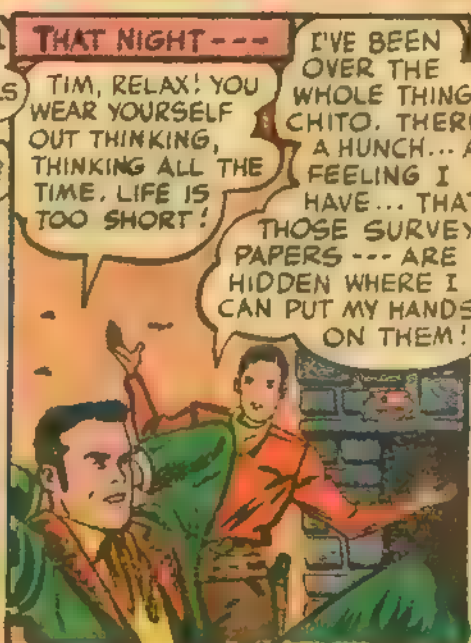


JACKSON WAS RIGHT, CHITO. DUNBAR COULD HAVE DISCOVERED ABOUT THE T BARK CONTROLLING WATER RIGHTS, FROM THE SURVEYORS, THEN KILLED THEM IN SATAN'S STAGECOACH!

IS RIGHT. BUT **AMIGO**, 'OW CAN WE PROVE THAT?



IF WE COULD FIND THE **ORIGINAL SURVEY PAPERS**, WE'D KNOW THAT RUMOR ABOUT WATER CONTROLS IS A **FACT**. WE'D ESTABLISH DUNBAR'S **MOTIVE**! BUT-- WHERE ARE THE ORIGINAL PAPERS?



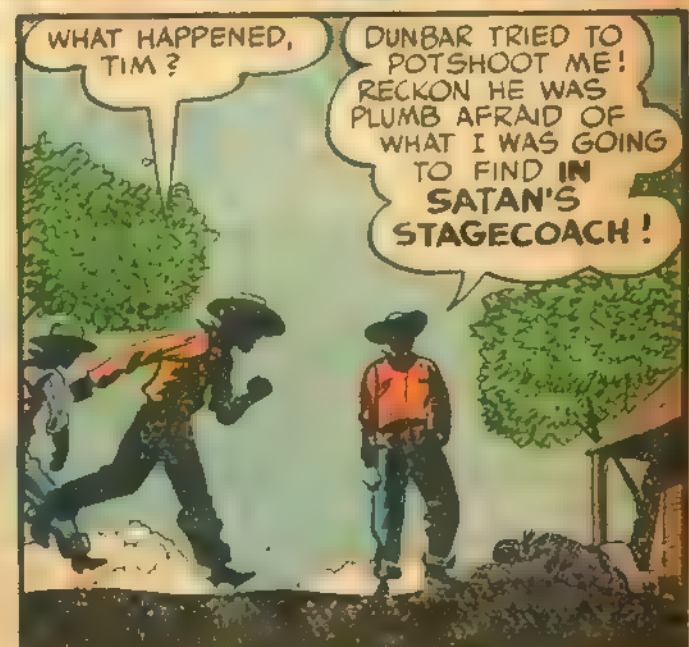
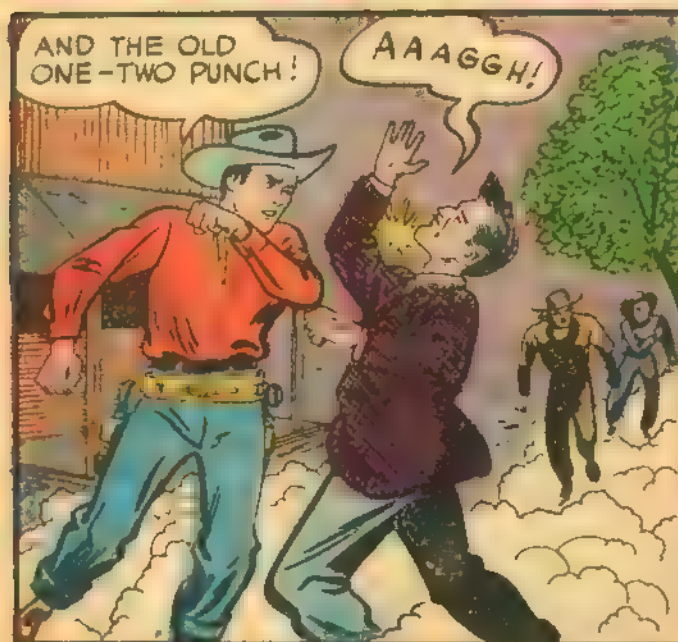
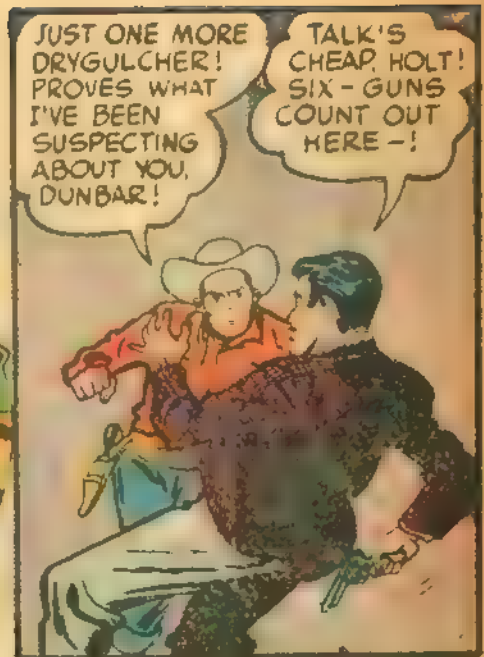
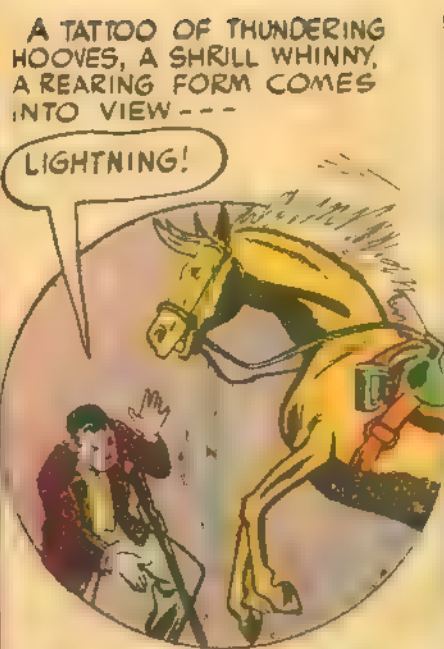
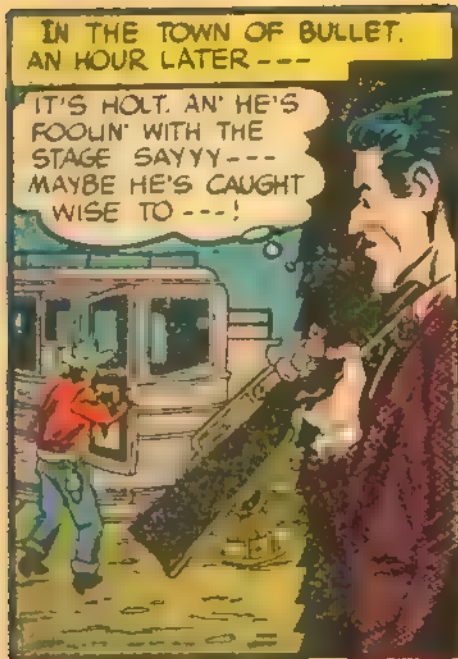
THAT NIGHT---

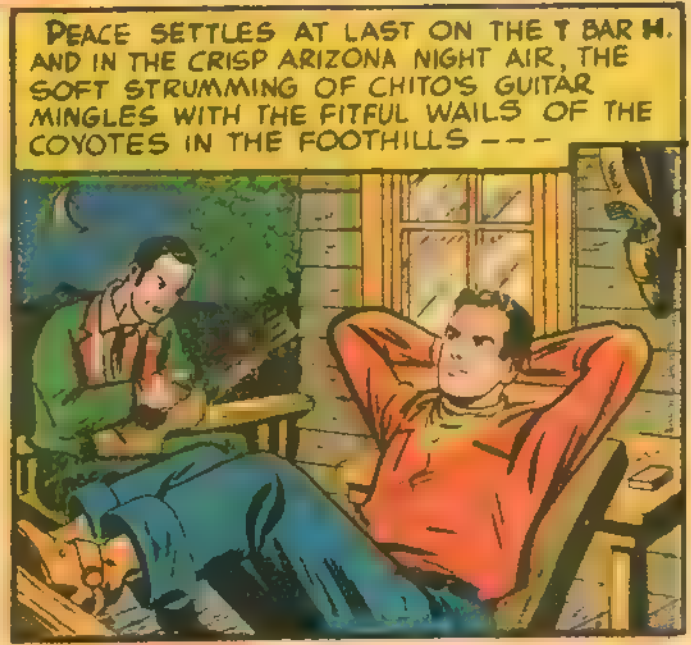
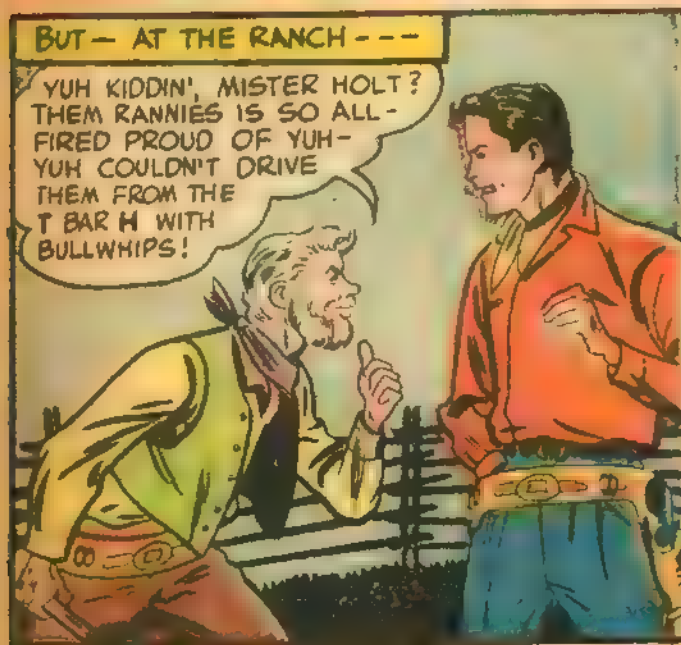
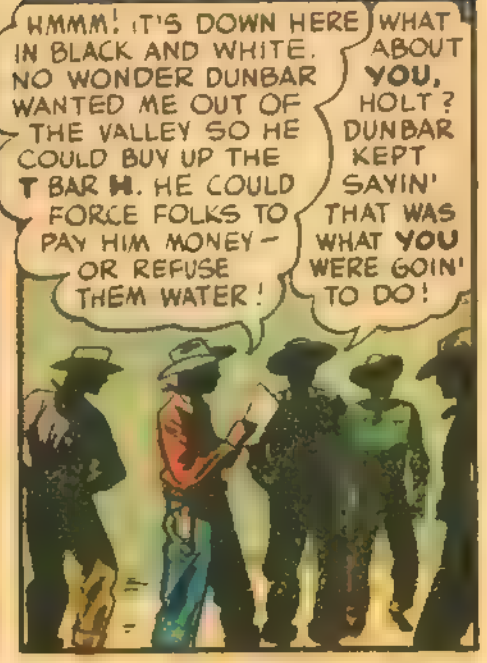
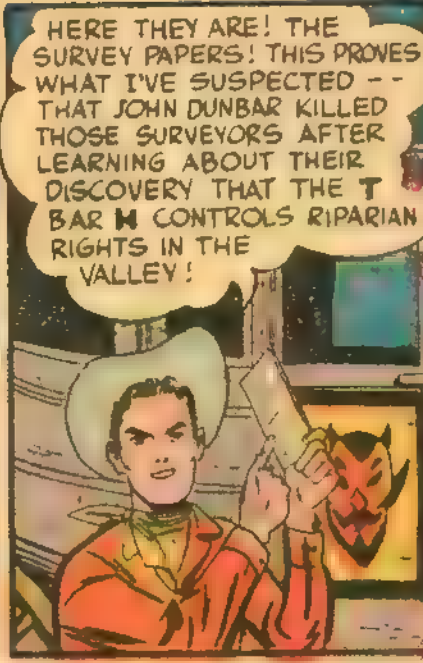
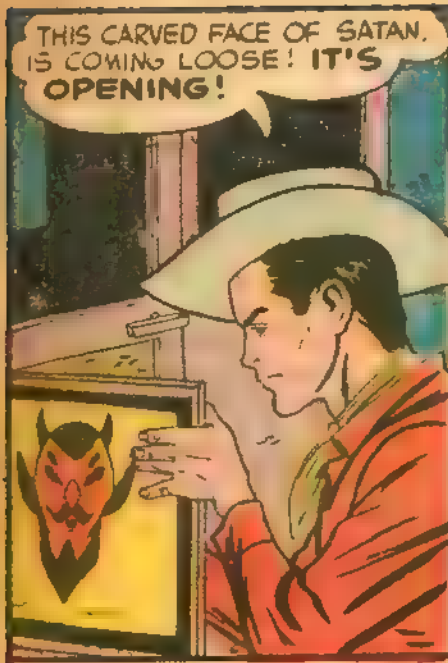
TIM, RELAX! YOU WEAR YOURSELF OUT THINKING, THINKING ALL THE TIME. LIFE IS TOO SHORT!

I'VE BEEN OVER THE WHOLE THING, CHITO. THERE'S A HUNCH... A FEELING I HAVE... THAT THOSE SURVEY PAPERS --- ARE HIDDEN WHERE I CAN PUT MY HANDS ON THEM!



IF I'M RIGHT, DUNBAR PICKED A PERFECT HIDING PLACE. AS A MATTER OF **FACT**-- HE MADE THE HIDING PLACE UNTOUCHABLE!

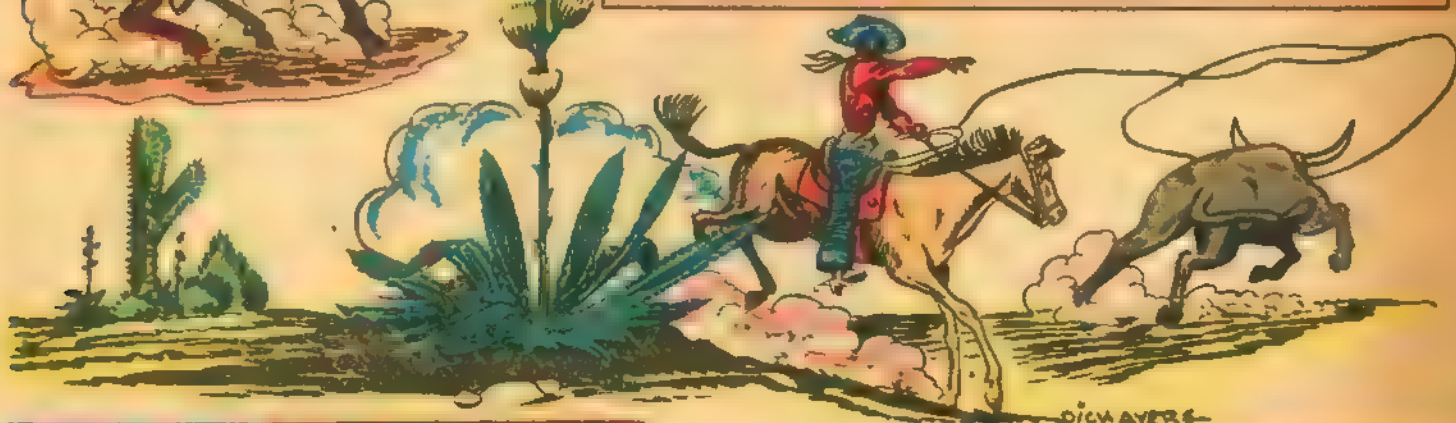






Tim Holt

THE MAGUEY, OR MESCAL PLANT, FURNISHES THE FIBRES FOR SOME OF THE FINEST LARIATS MADE, FOR HARD RANGE WORK ESPECIALLY. EXPERT COWHANDS PREFER THIS TYPE OF REATA, OR THROWING ROPE. LARIATS ARE USUALLY BETWEEN THIRTY TO FIFTY FEET LONG A ROPE OF FORTY FOOT BEING VERY POPULAR.



DICK AYERS

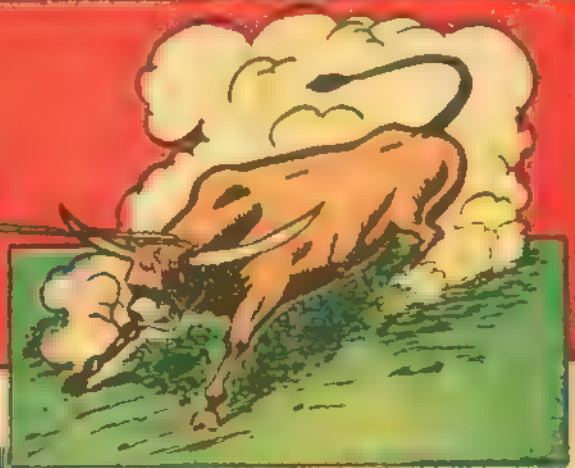
A 'DALLY' IS MADE BY WRAPPING THE END OF THE THROWING ROPE AROUND THE SADDLE HORN IN ORDER TO HOLD THE ROPE TIGHT AFTER A STEER HAS BEEN ROPED. THE WORD 'DALLY' COMES FROM THE SPANISH DALE, MEANING 'A TURN'.



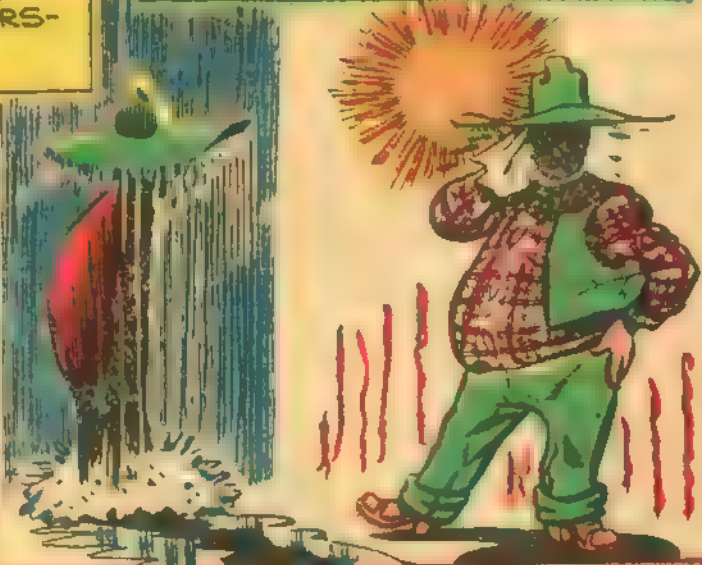
GOOD ROPES ARE VERY NECESSARY FOR PROFESSIONAL RODEO RIDERS FOR USE IN THE 'CALF-ROPING' CONTEST, AND, OF COURSE, IN THE THOUSAND AND ONE CHORES OUT ON THE OPEN RANGE. A LARIAT HAS OFTEN BEEN CALLED A COWBOY'S 'LONG HAND'.



Rundup



LIKE THE LASSO, THE COWBOY'S OTHER EQUIPMENT IS DESIGNED FOR EVERYDAY EFFICIENCY HIS CHAPS PROTECT HIS LEVIS-OR TROUSERS- AGAINST CACTUS THORNS OR UNDERBRUSH...

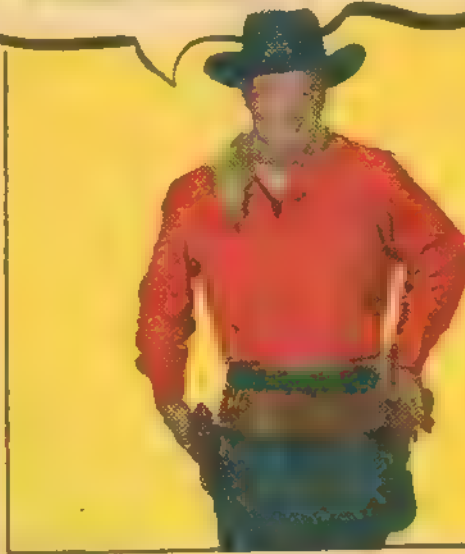


HIS HAT, WITH ITS WIDE, BROAD BRIM, ACTS AS AN UMBRELLA IN THE RAIN AND A SUNSHADE IN THE BLISTERING SOUTHWEST HEAT THAT OFTEN RISES TO 120°...

HIS SPEECH? AS WESTERN AS THE CACTUS! FOR INSTANCE, HIS 'HOOSEGOW' FOR JAIL, IS DERIVED FROM THE SPANISH JUZGADO. THE TERM 'JUG' FOR JAIL ALSO COMES FROM THIS WORD...

THE COWBOY CALLS A STEER 'LOCO' WHEN IT HAS EATEN OF THE LOCO WEED. IT HAS BECOME SYNONOMOUS WITH CRAZY IN OUR EVERYDAY LANGUAGE...

BOYS AND GIRLS, WHY NOT WRITE IN AND LET OUR BOSS-MAN KNOW WHAT YOU'D LIKE TO LEARN ABOUT WESTERN CUSTOMS, ANIMALS AND PLANTS? SEND IN YOUR FAVORITES AND I'LL TRY AND GET THEM RIGHT HERE ON THESE PAGES FOR YOU IN OUR RUNDUP!



TIM HOLT

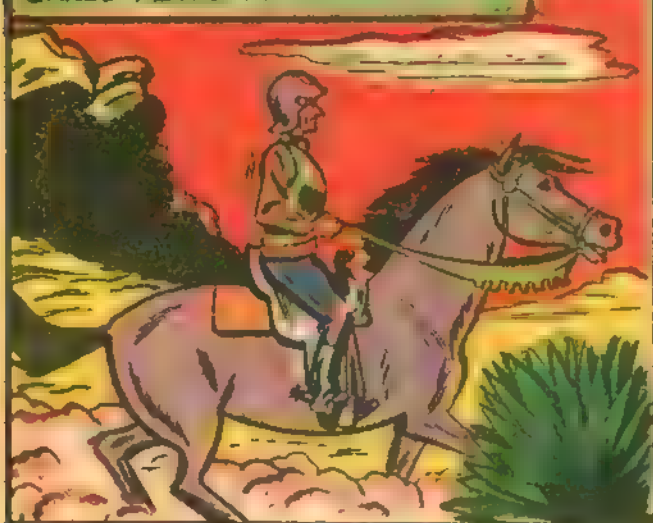


THE CONQUISTADORE OF ANCIENT SPAIN AND THE NEW WORLD WORE A LONG HEAVY SPUR. WITH IT HE JABBED HIS STALLION ALONG A ROAD TO WEALTH AND FORTUNE...

WHEN THE PATHS OF TIM HOLT AND CHITO CROSS THAT OF A LONG-DEAD CONQUISTADORE, TIM LEARNS THAT THE WAY OF THE CONQUEROR IS FILLED WITH FLYING FISTS AND HOT LEAD AS HE SETS OUT TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF ---

"THE SPUR OF THE CONQUISTADORE!"

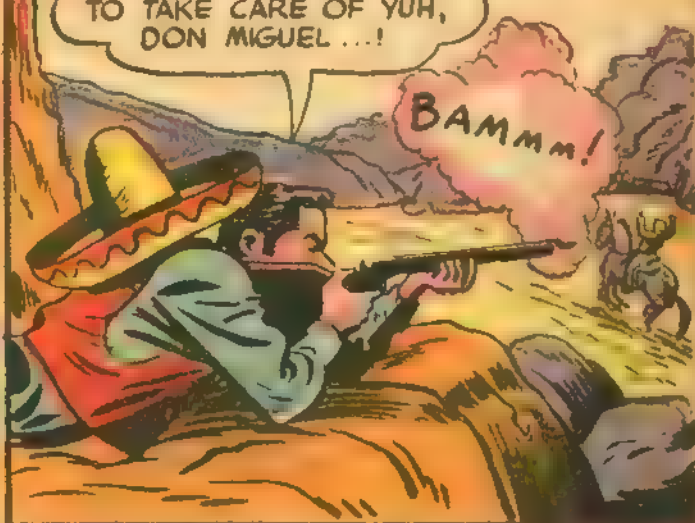
THE CURTAIN OF THE PAST SEEMS TO LIFT FOR A BRIEF MOMENT ON THE SUN-BAKED PLAINS OF ARIZONA ---



SUDDENLY A WINCHESTER .44.40 ROARS AND BUCKS!

RECKON THAT OUGHT TO TAKE CARE OF YUH, DON MIGUEL...!

BAMMM!



A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AWAY TIM HOLT
REINS IN LIGHTNING ---

SEÑOR
TIM!
A RIFLE
SHOT!

IT CAME
OVER THAT
ARROYO TO THE
LEFT. LET'S RIDE,
CHITO...!

A SPANISH CONQUISTADORE!
SOMETHING MIGHTY FUNNY
ABOUT THIS ---

IS PROBABLY
MAN DRESS'
UP FOR
MASQUERADE,
TIM! BIG DANCE
AT MISSION
TOWN LAST
NIGHT.

I KNOW THAT. BUT
LOOK AT THIS --
HIS SPUR IS GONE.
YET, HE WORE ONE,
JUDGING FROM THE MARKS
ON THE BOOT!

MONEY-BELT UNTOUCHED! RINGS ON
HIS FINGERS STILL THERE. CHITO, THIS
WASN'T A KILLING FOR ROBBERY...
UNLESS THERE WAS SOMETHING
ABOUT THAT SPUR THAT MADE
IT WORTH MURDERING FOR!

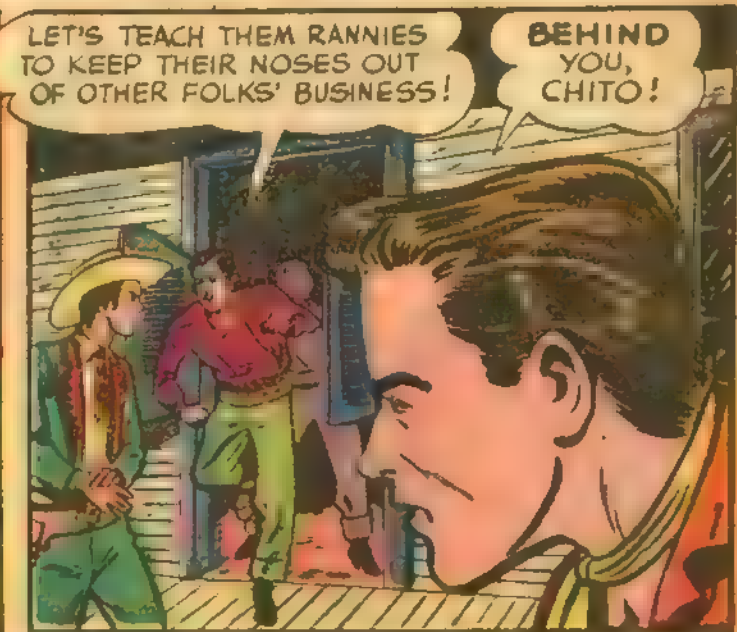
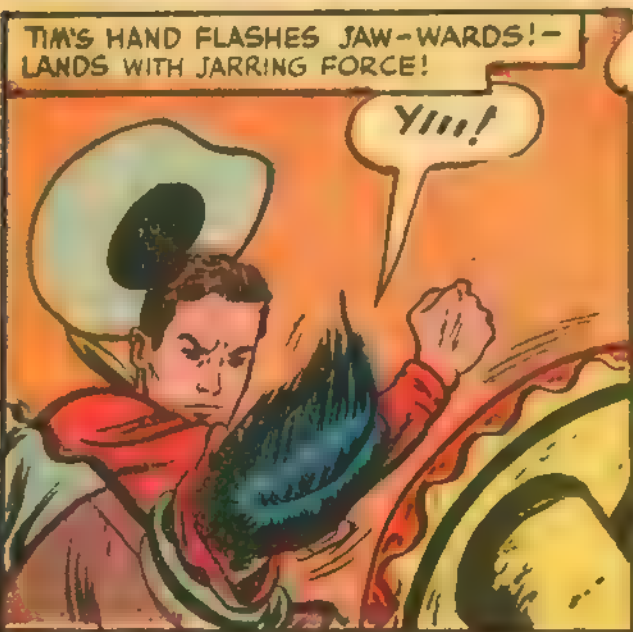
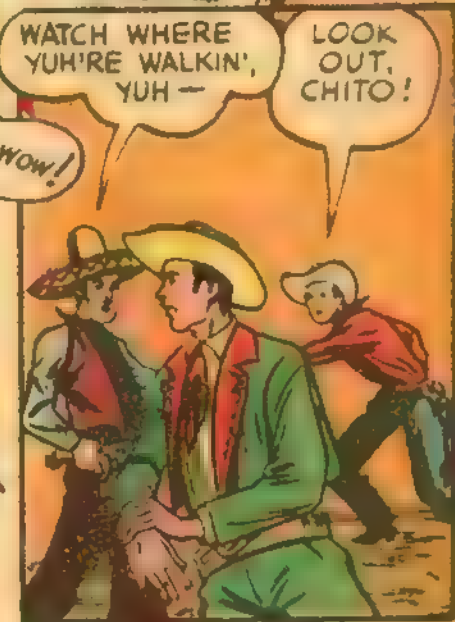
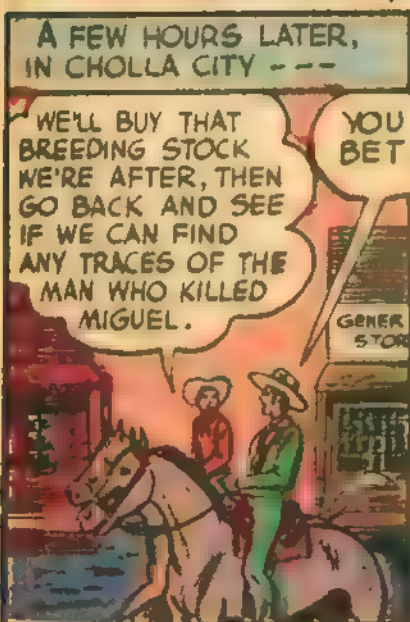
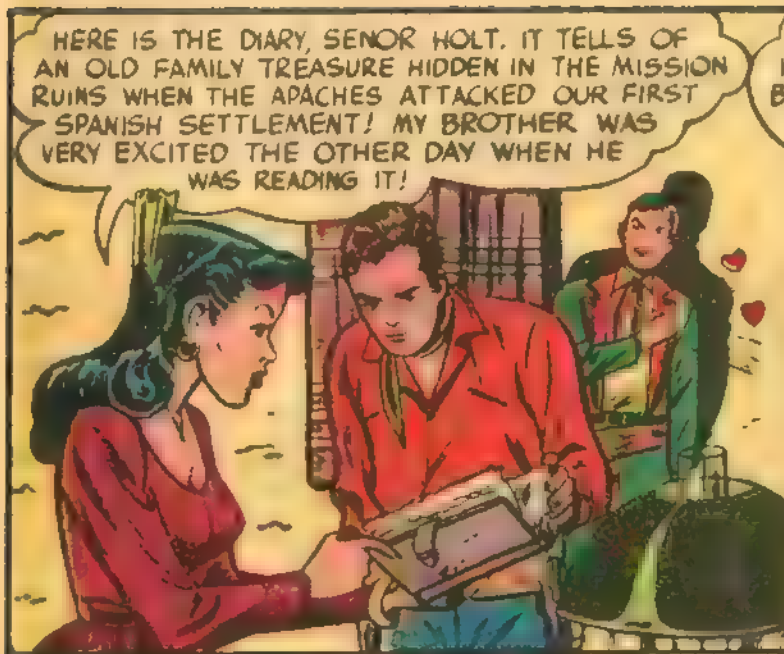
WE'LL TRACK
HIS
HORSE!

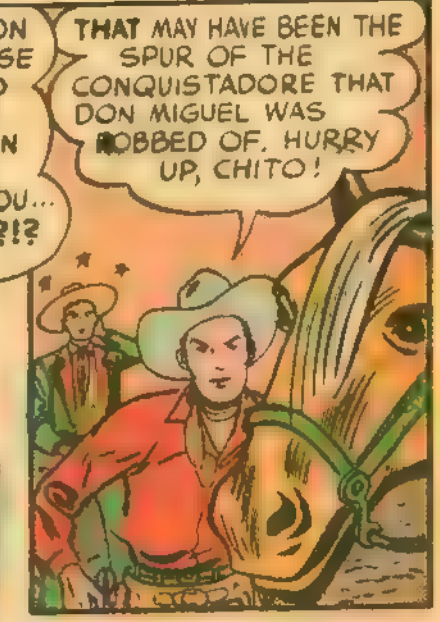
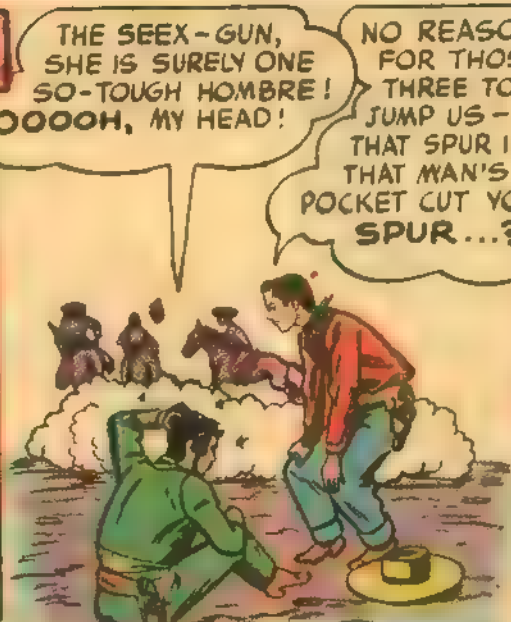
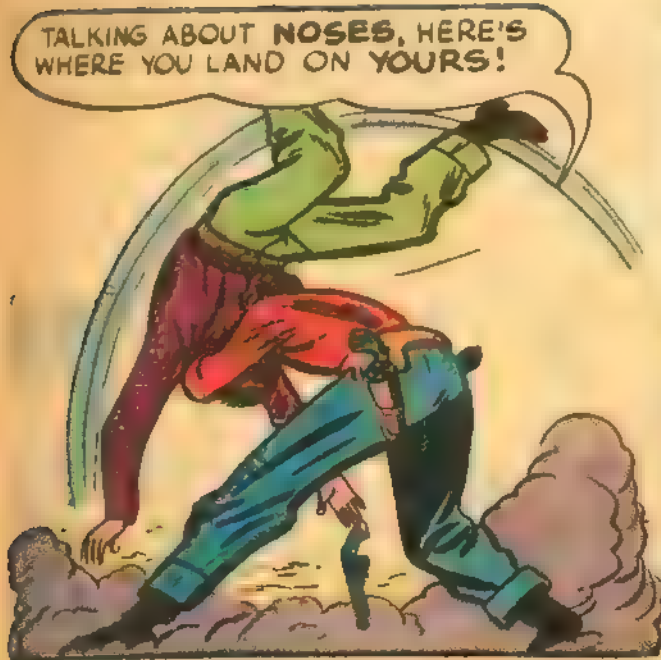
HIS HORSE
WILL RETURN
TO HOME
CORRAL, YOU
BET.

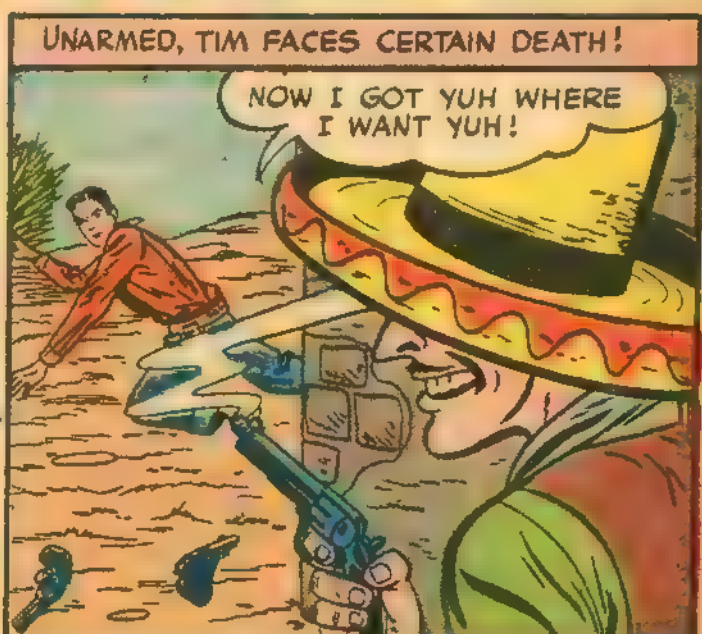
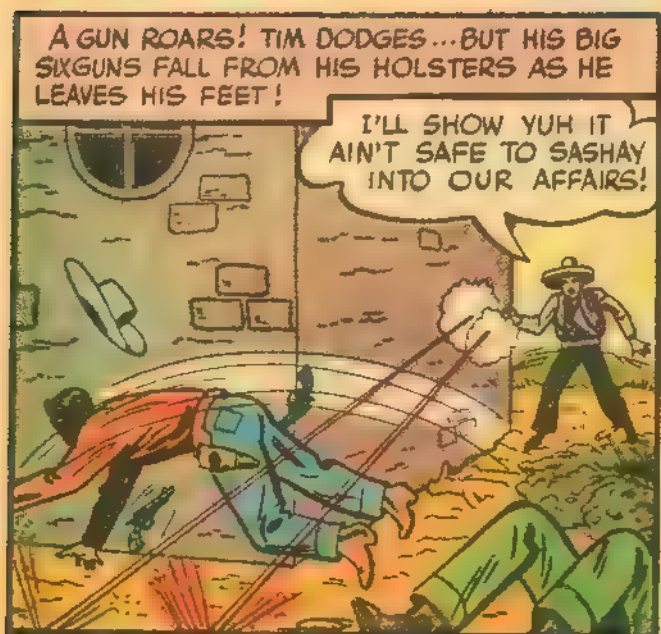
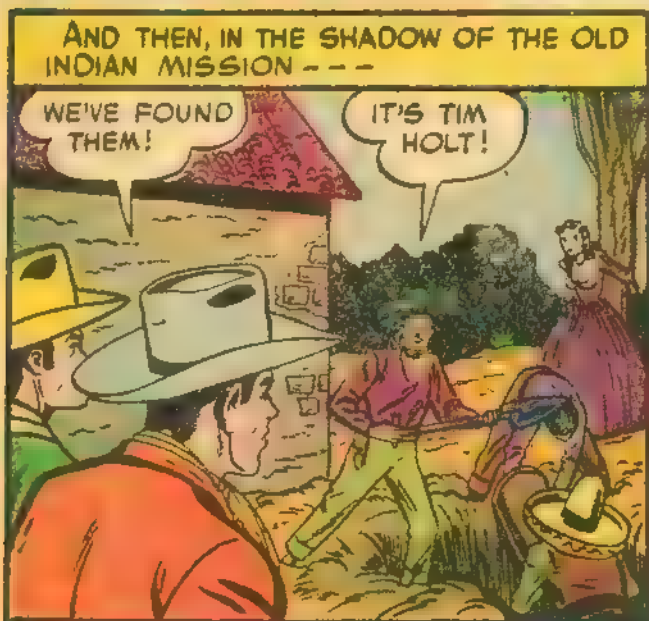
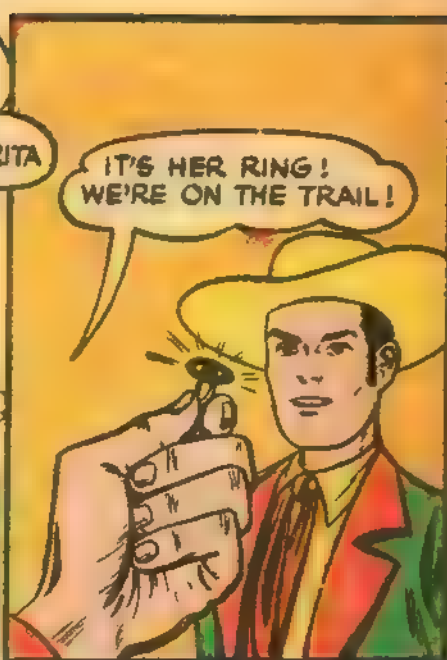
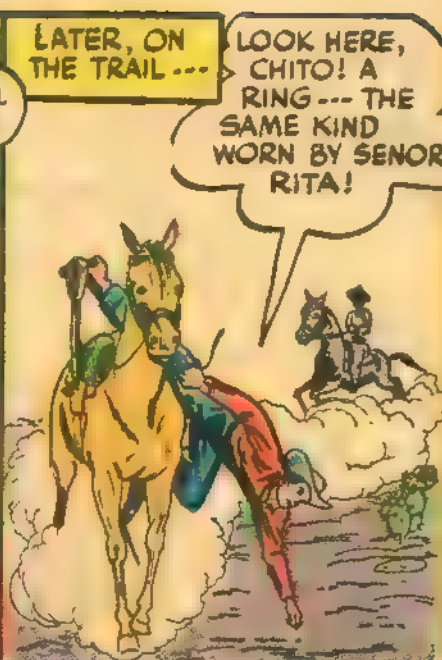
LESS THAN TWO HOURS LATER, IN THE SHADED
PATIO OF AN OLD SPANISH HACIENDA ---

IT MUST HAVE BEEN MY BROTHER MIGUEL!
HE WAS AT THE DANCE LAST NIGHT. AND THE
SPUR --- HE MUST HAVE FOUND THE SPUR
OUR FAMILY DIARY TELLS ABOUT---

BE REST ASSURANCE, GRACIOUS SENORITA,
THAT CHITO JOSE GONZALES BUSTAMONTE
RAFFERTY WILL NOT REST' UNTIL HE HAVE
BROUGHT THIS KILLER OF YOUR BROTHER
TO JUSTICE!







TIM'S HAND SNAPS OFF THE NEEDLE-LIKE LEAF OF THE MAGUEY PLANT! HIS HAND RAISES, HURLS THE 'INDIAN KNIFE' FROM HIM ---

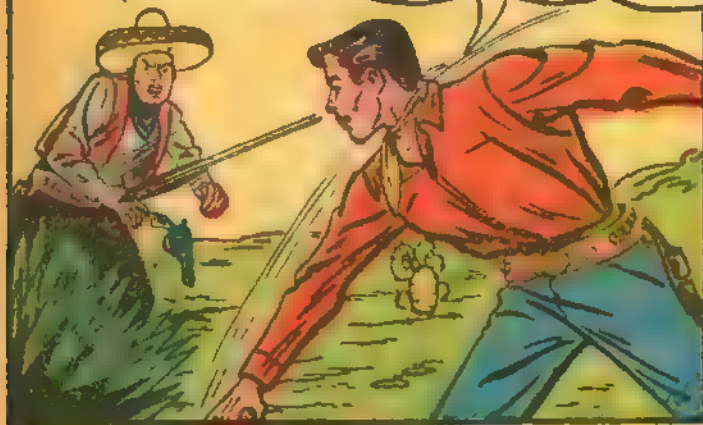
YOWWW!

THE APACHES HAVE USED THESE THINGS FOR DAGGERS... NO REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T!

GOT TO GET MY GUNS...!

I DO SOME DIGGING MYSELF WEETH SHOVEL, YOU BET!

CLONNNK!



DROP 'EM... OR I'LL SHOOT AT YOU INSTEAD OF YOUR GUNS!

BLAM!
BLAM!

THE SPUR MUST BE A KEY TO THE TREASURE TRUNK!

TRY IT. LET'S SEE!

-WHEW- THIS REALLY IS A TREASURE CHEST!

THE WEALTH OF THE ESPERADO FAMILY THAT THEY BROUGHT FROM SPAIN!

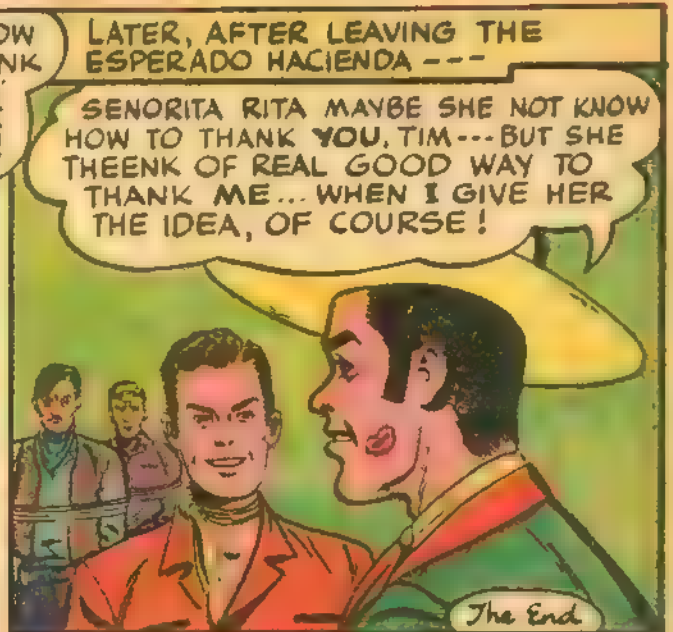
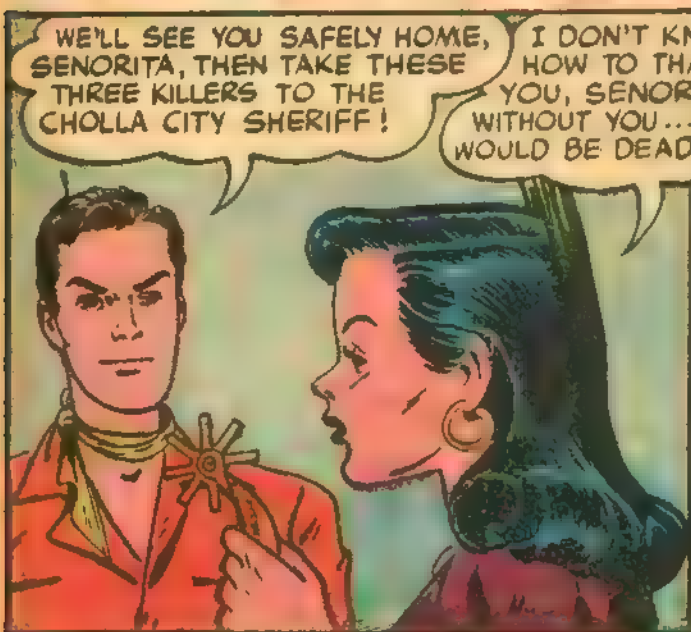


WE'LL SEE YOU SAFELY HOME, SENORITA, THEN TAKE THESE THREE KILLERS TO THE CHOLLA CITY SHERIFF!

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, SENOR! WITHOUT YOU... I WOULD BE DEAD!

LATER, AFTER LEAVING THE ESPERADO HACIENDA ---

SENORITA RITA MAYBE SHE NOT KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, TIM--- BUT SHE THEENK OF REAL GOOD WAY TO THANK ME... WHEN I GIVE HER THE IDEA, OF COURSE!



The End

TIM HOLT

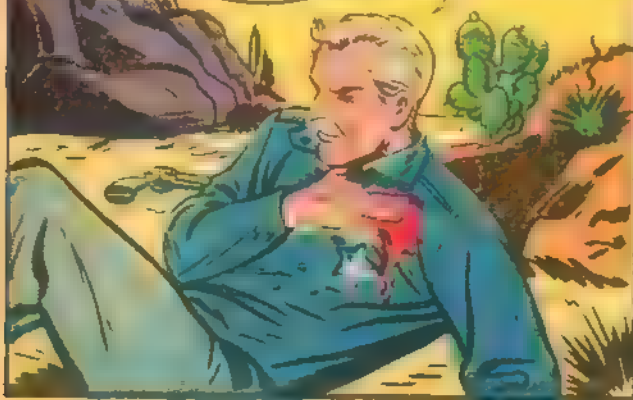


THE SHERIFF'S BADGE IS THE SYMBOL OF LAW AND ORDER OF THE WESTERN FRONTIER. IT TAKES A REAL MAN TO WEAR IT - A MAN WHO PUTS THAT BADGE ABOVE EVERYTHING ELSE!

WHEN TIM HOLT FOUND SHERIFF ZANE MORTALLY WOUNDED, HE HAD TO PLUNGE INTO AN INFERNO OF BULLET AND BANDITS IN ORDER TO COME UP WITH -
"THE SHERIFF OF RAIL'S END!"

SOMEWHERE ON THE VAST EXPANSE OF THE TONTO BASIN A MAN SOBS OUT HIS LIFE IN HOARSE WHISPERS - - -

DRY GULCHIN COYOTES - NEVER GAVE ME A CHANCE. IF ONLY - BOB WAS HERE



NEARBY, PROTECTED BY AN OUTCROPPING OF ROCK - - -

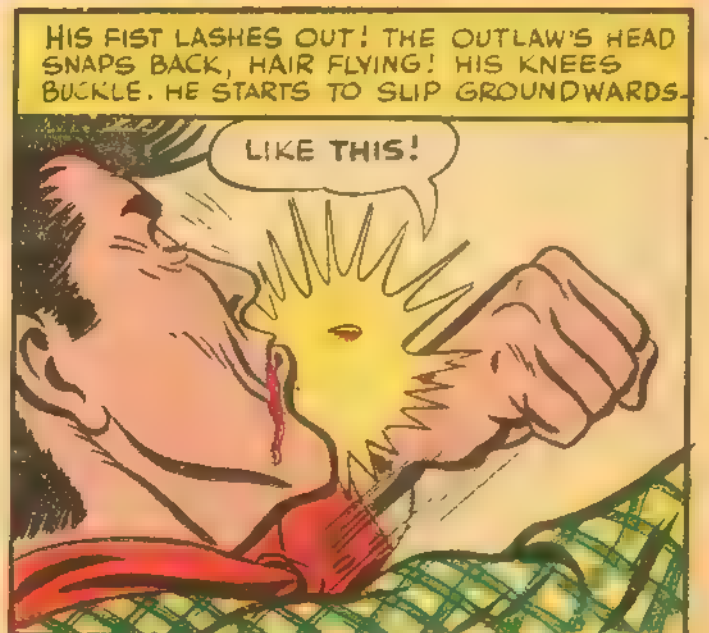
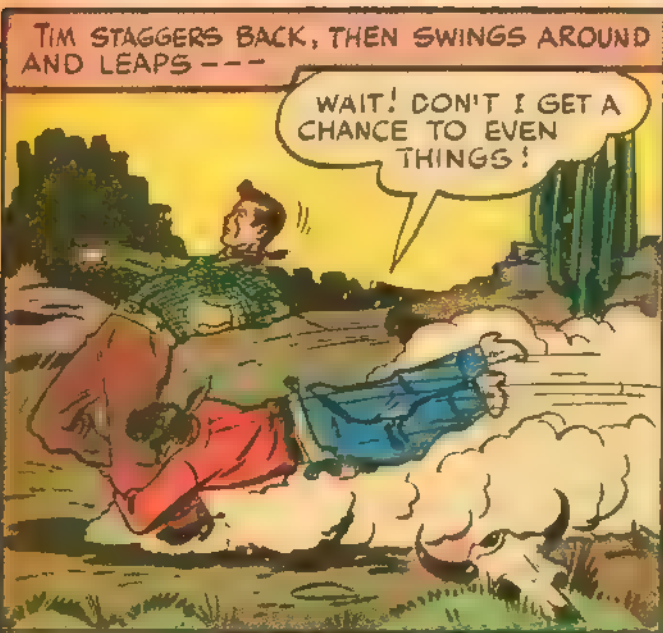
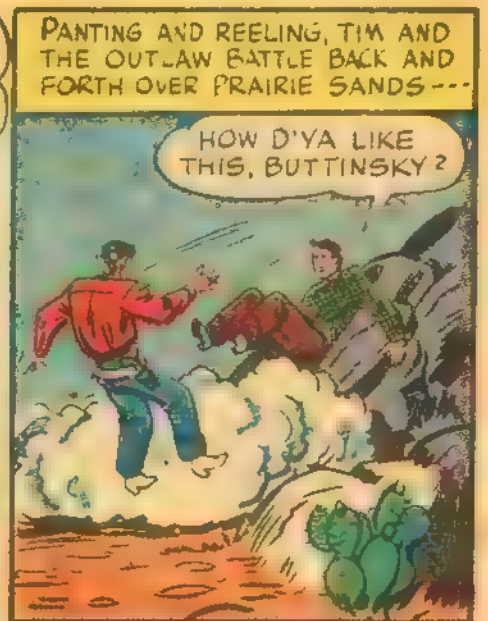
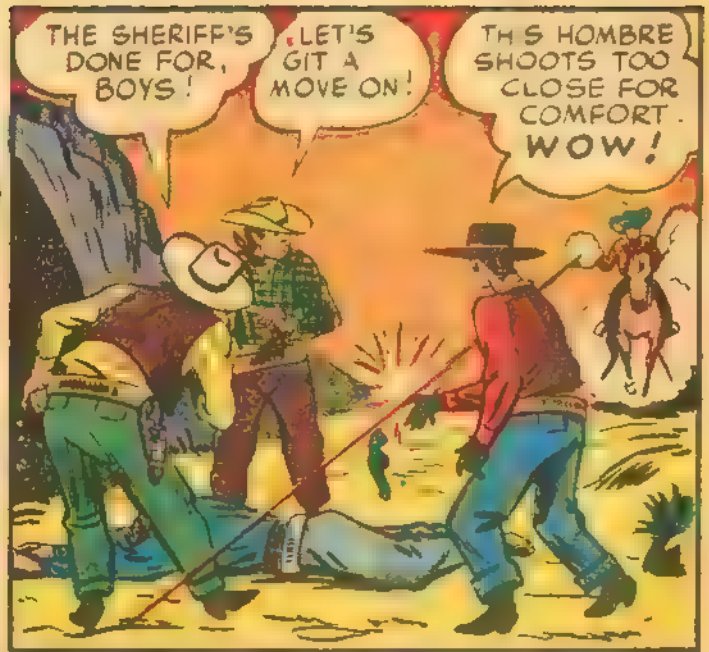
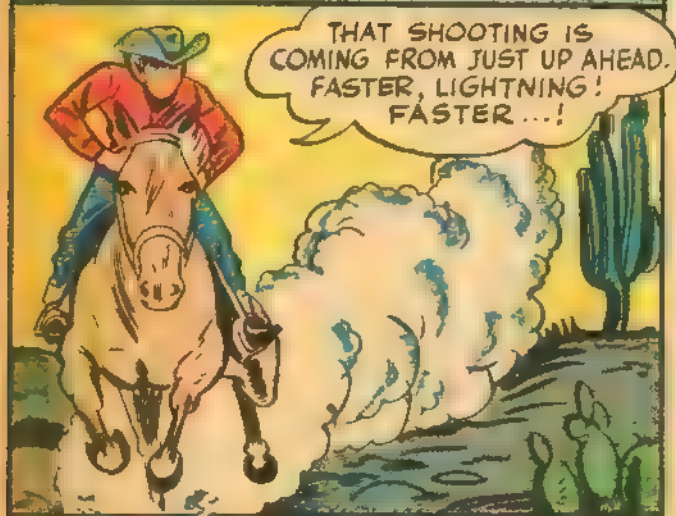
I THINK WE GOT 'IM, RED.

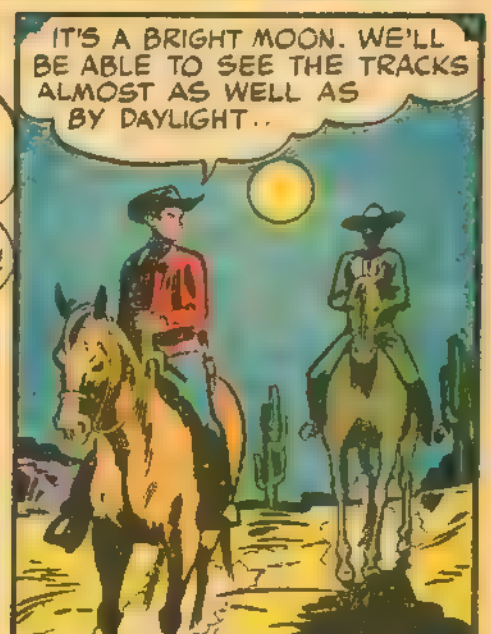
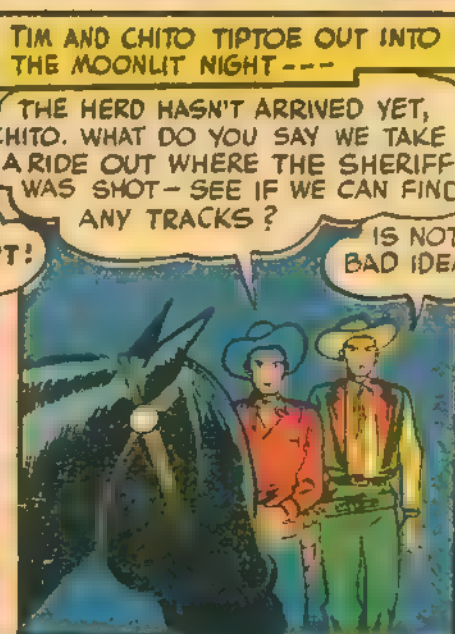
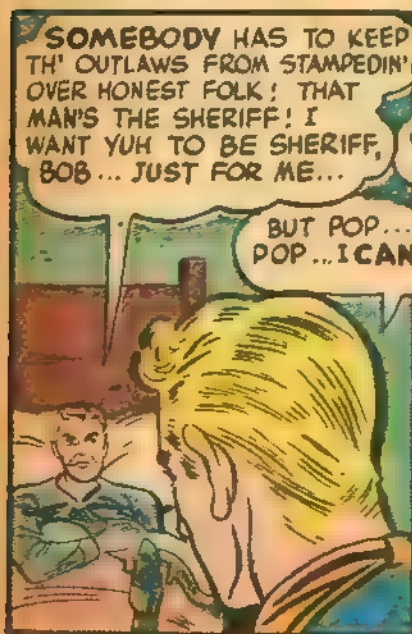
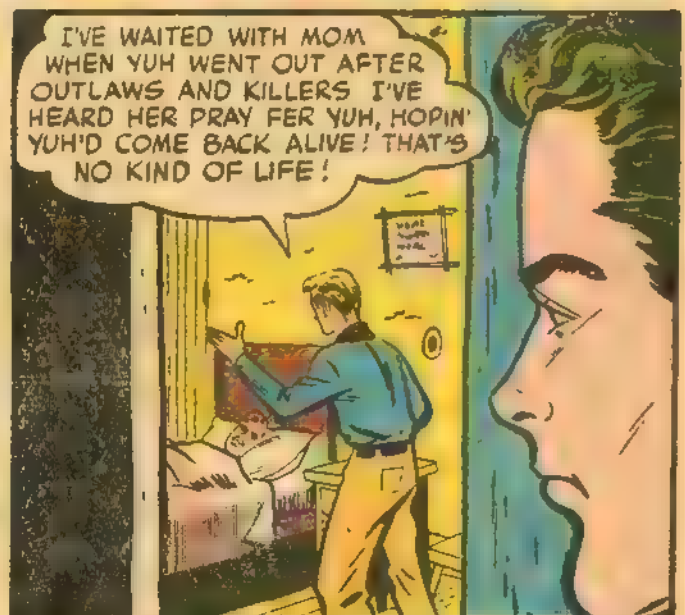
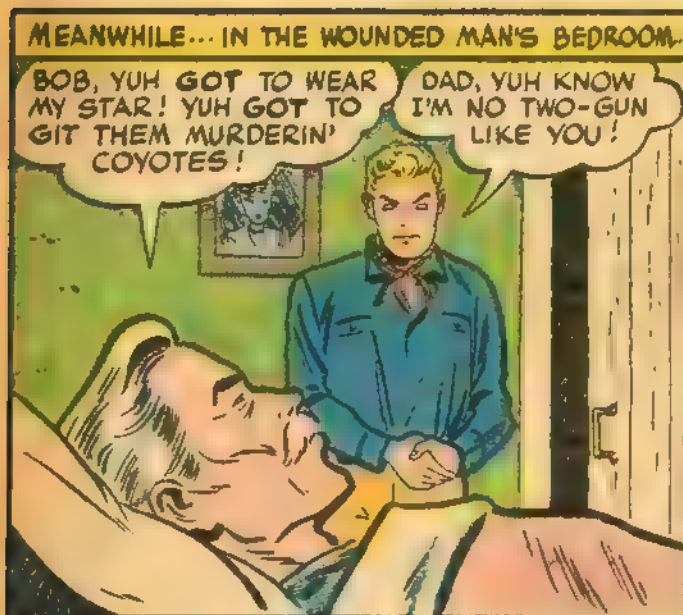
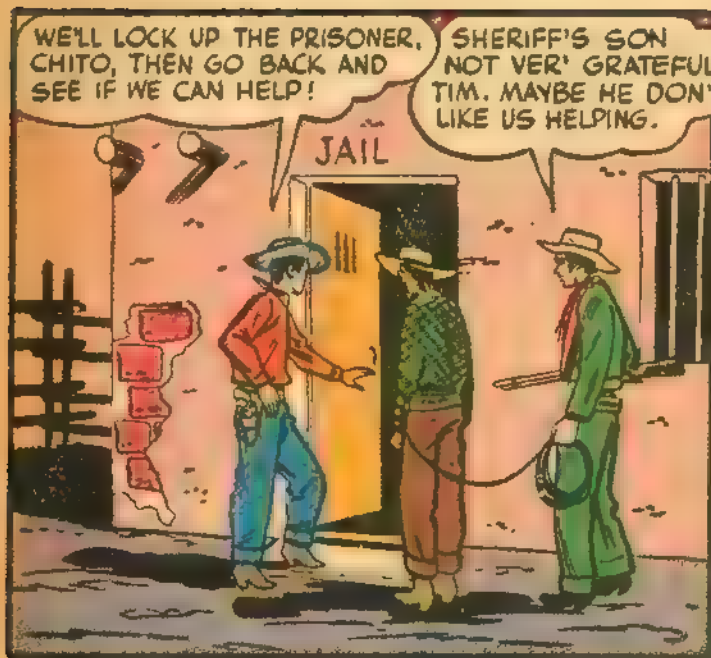
YEAH, NO SENSE WAST N MORE AMMUNITION ON A LAWMAN.

LET'S GO TAKE A LOOK!



LESS THAN A MILE AWAY, TIM HOLT BENDS FORWARD OVER THE GREAT GOLDEN STALLION, LIGHTNING. THE WIND DRUMS IN HIS EARS AS HE URGES THE PALOMINO TO GREATER SPEED ---





THE FIRST PALE RAYS OF DAWN FIND TIM AND CHITO AT THE BASE OF AN ARIZONA CLIFF DWELLING ---

THIS WOULD MAKE A NICE OUTLAW HIDEOUT, WOULDN'T IT? ROOMS... SAFETY FROM SURPRISE.

EEES PERFECT, TIM. BUT 'OW WE MAKE SURE?

BY HIDING AND WAITING AND WATCHING. ARE THE HORSES WELL-HIDDEN?

I'M BETCHA! EVEN HORSE-FLY COULDN'T BE FOR TO FIND THEM.

THE HOT WESTERN SUN RISES AND BAKES THE LAND. SLOWLY IT DESCENDS, GROWS RED AND SULLEN. AND THEN ---

THERE THEY ARE, CHITO. THE WHOLE BUNCH OF THEM!

WE GO TELL BOB. WE SEE IF HE WANT TO COME BACK HERE - AS SHERIFF!

NEXT DAY, BACK AT RAIL'S END-

HOW'S YOUR DAD, BOB?

NOT SO GOOD, TIM. RECKON HE-HE'S TAKIN' HIS LAST RIDE MIGHTY SOON.

I'VE A HUNCH HE'D LIKE IF YOU WERE TO PIN THAT STAR-BADGE ON YOUR SHIRT!

I'LL THANK YUH TO KEEP OUT OF MY AFFAIRS, HOLT. IT'S MY BUSINESS WHAT I DO!

HIS DAD DYING OF A BROKEN HEART AND HE DOESN'T CARE!

I'M THEENK HIM SCARE! I'M GOOD IDEA I'M BE FIND OUT IF HE IS EE-SCARE' OR NOT!

OF COURSE I'LL MARRY YOU, BOB.

EVERYONE'S SAYING I'M SCARED, HELEN! I'M NOT SCARED IT'S JUST THAT I REMEMBER MOM - AN' I DON'T WANT YOU TO BE PRAYIN' LIKE THAT FOR ME!



AH! EES PRETTY GIRRL!
'OW YOU DO? ME, I AM
CHITO JOSE GONZALEZ
BUSTAMONTE RAFFERTY!

HE'S TIM HOLT'S
PARTNER, HELEN!



HELEN? IS NICE
NAME. I WEEEL
KISS YOU, HELEN!

OH H!

HEYVY!
CUT THAT OUT!



YUH SLAB-SIDED
PRAIRIE DOG!
I'M GONNA PIN
YORE EARS--!

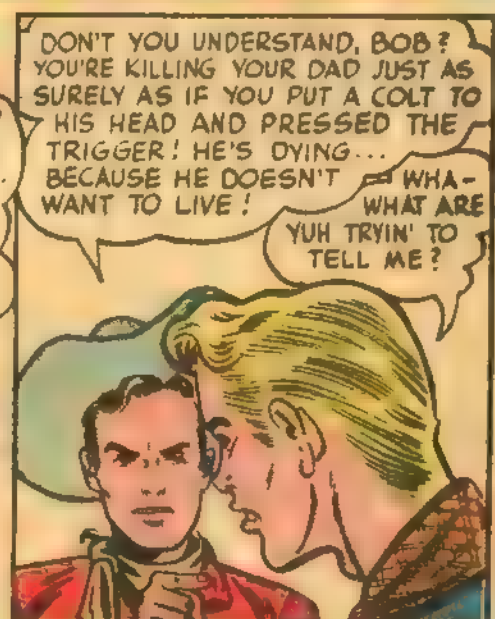
OH, SO?
EES FIGHT
YOU WANT,
NO?

OUT OF NOWHERE A LARIAT
DROPS AND TIGHTENS ---

RELAX, BOB IT WAS ONLY
A TEST. WE WANTED TO SEE
IF YOU WERE... WELL,
FRIGHTENED.
A COWARD.

HUH?
WHY?
OH H...

I SAVVY
YORE DRIFT!
YUH THINK I'M
SCARED OF BEING
SHERIFF! WELL,
I'M NOT!

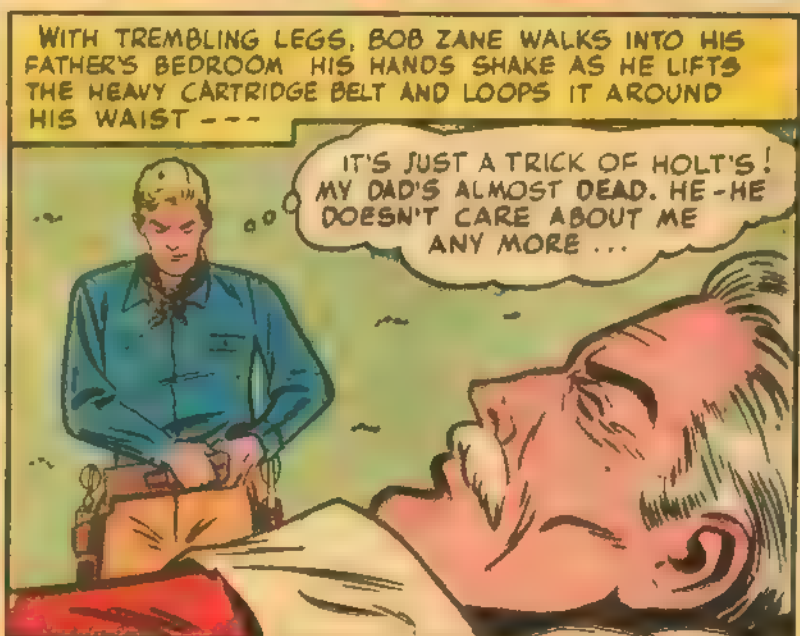


DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, BOB?
YOU'RE KILLING YOUR DAD JUST AS
SURELY AS IF YOU PUT A COLT TO
HIS HEAD AND PRESSED THE
TRIGGER! HE'S DYING...
BECAUSE HE DOESN'T
WANT TO LIVE!

WHA-
WHAT ARE
YUH TRYIN' TO
TELL ME?

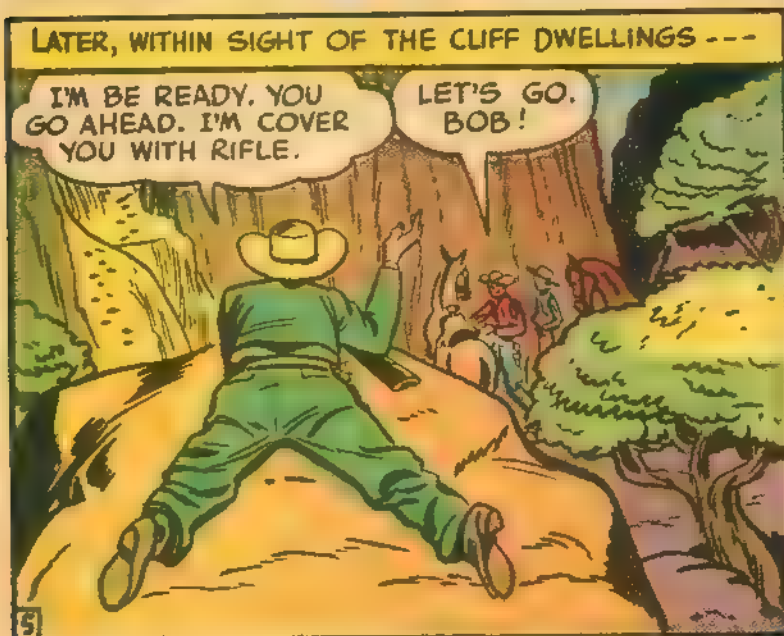
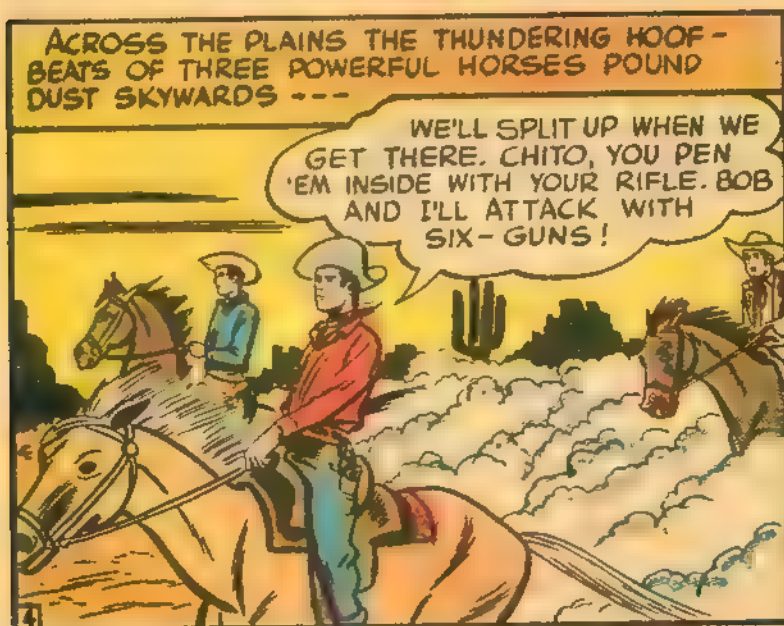
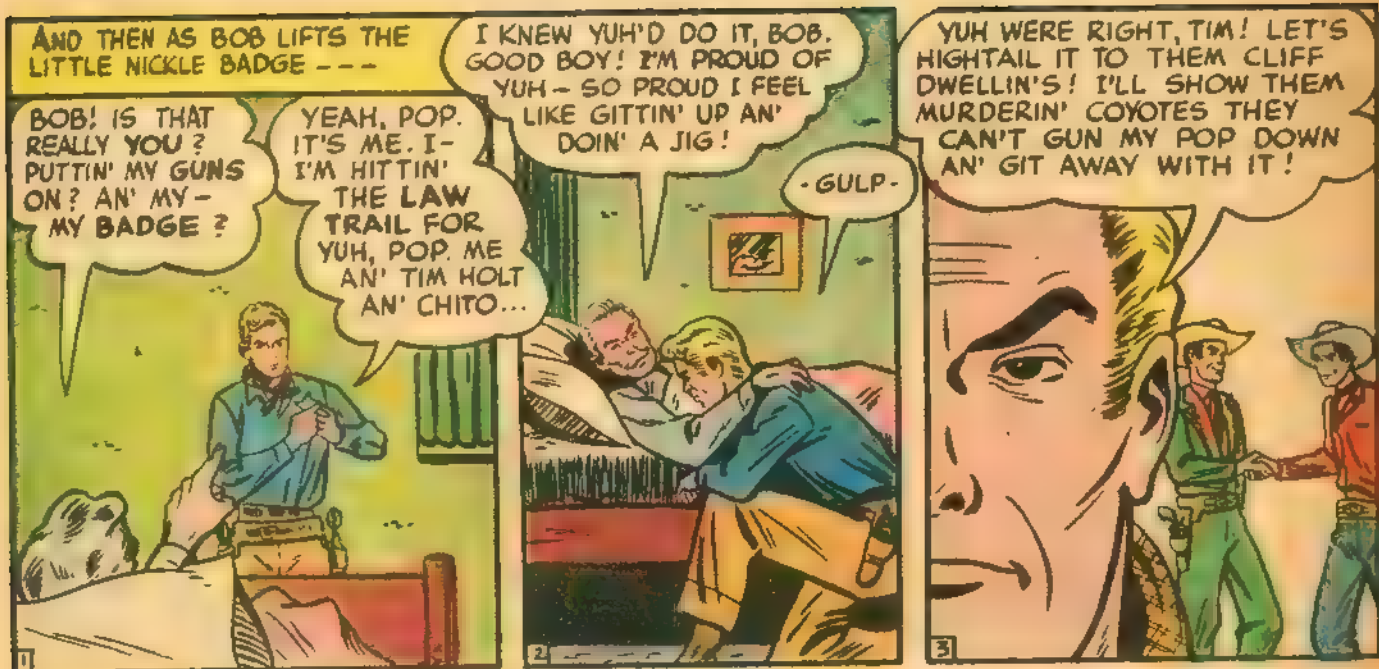


YOUR DAD IS PROUD OF YOU, BOB
BUT YOU'RE KILLING THAT PRIDE
SEE IF I'M NOT RIGHT! GO ON AND
PIN ON HIS STAR BADGE. BUCKLE ON
HIS GUNS. AND WATCH HIM PERK
UP! GO ON...
TRY IT...



WITH TREMBLING LEGS, BOB ZANE WALKS INTO HIS
FATHER'S BEDROOM HIS HANDS SHAKE AS HE LIFTS
THE HEAVY CARTRIDGE BELT AND LOOPS IT AROUND
HIS WAIST ---

IT'S JUST A TRICK OF HOLT'S!
MY DAD'S ALMOST DEAD. HE-HE
DOESN'T CARE ABOUT ME
ANY MORE...

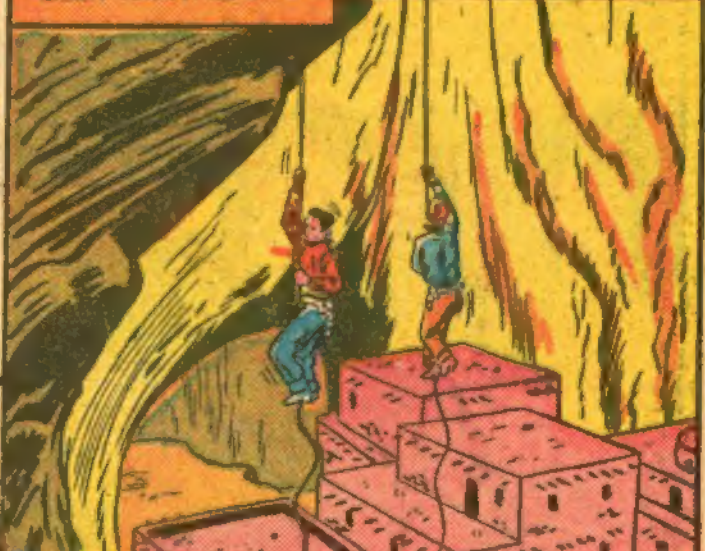




MEANWHILE, CRAWLING ON HAND AND KNEES, USING CLIFFSIDE SHRUBS AND OUTCROPPING OF ROCKS FOR TOE- AND FINGER-HOLDS, TIM AND BOB CLIMB STEADILY UPWARDS ---



SILENTLY, TIM AND BOB SWAY OUT ON THE SLIM RIATAS ---



THEY DROP LIKE PLUMMETS FROM ABOVE - LAND ON HIGHEELED BOOTS, GUNS OUT AND FLAMING HOT LEAD!



LET'S TAKE 'EM, BOB!

HOOOFF!



RIGHT WITH YUH, PARDNER!

GNYAAA!



A SHORT, VIOLENT BATTLE AND TIM'S GUNS LEAP WITH LIGHTNING-LIKE SPEED INTO HIS HANDS AND THE FIGHT IS OVER!

TIE THEIR HANDS, BOB!



GULP!

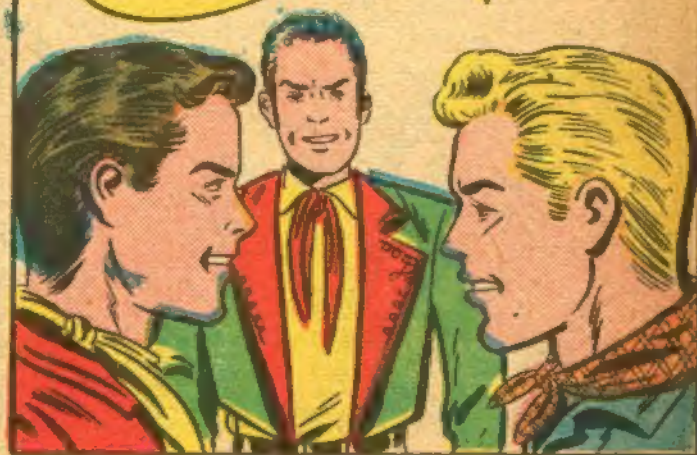
SUFFERIN' SAGEBRUSH! HE GOT 'EM ALL!



BOB, THE CRISIS HAS PASSED YOUR DAD WILL BE A WELL MAN IN A FEW WEEKS. BUT HE CAN'T DO ANYMORE SHERIFFIN'!

NO NEED FOR HIM TO, DOC

RAIL'S END HAS ITSELF A NEW SHERIFF - ME! THANKS TO MY GOOD PALS, TIM HOLT AND CHITO JOSE GONZALEZ BUSTAMONTE RAFFERTY!





IN THIS SCENE from the soon-to-be-released picture, *Guns of Hate*, Tim Holt and his movie partner, Chito Jose Gonzalez Bustamonte Rafferty (in real life, Richard Martin), come across the body of a murdered man on the trail. From this point on, the action gets fast and furious!

Tim is no stranger to fast and furious action. He enlisted in the Army Air Force on April 14, 1942, became a bombardier, and was retained as an instructor until July 8, 1943, when he was ordered to the Marine Air Corps training station at El Centro, California. There he set up the high-level bombardier training school for the Marine Corps. He was transferred to the Bureau of Naval Aeronautics while the school was in operation and worked for the Marine Corps and Navy until September 10, 1944.

His request for overseas service brought him over the oil fields of Japan on May 10, 1945 as a bombardier in a B-29. Tim flew twenty-two missions in the big ships, the last one on the day that the Japs surrendered. He was aboard a badly shot-up plane when word of the surrender was flashed to the world, and did not know whether or not they would get back to base.

Tim's ship finally made a crash landing on Guam, where investigation revealed that *five and a half feet* of the left wing had been shot away; there were 175 bullet and flak holes in the fuselage!

SPECTACULAR OFFER! LOOK AT THIS DEAL!

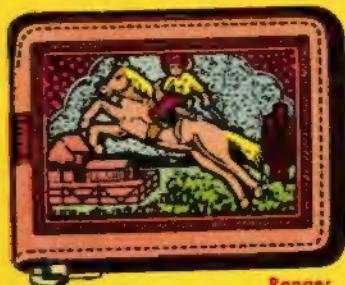
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